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OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

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ZWICKAU,  
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# QUENTIN DURWARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

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*La guerre est ma patrie,  
Mon harnois ma maison,  
Et en toute saison  
Combattre c'est ma vie.*

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



ZWICKAU,

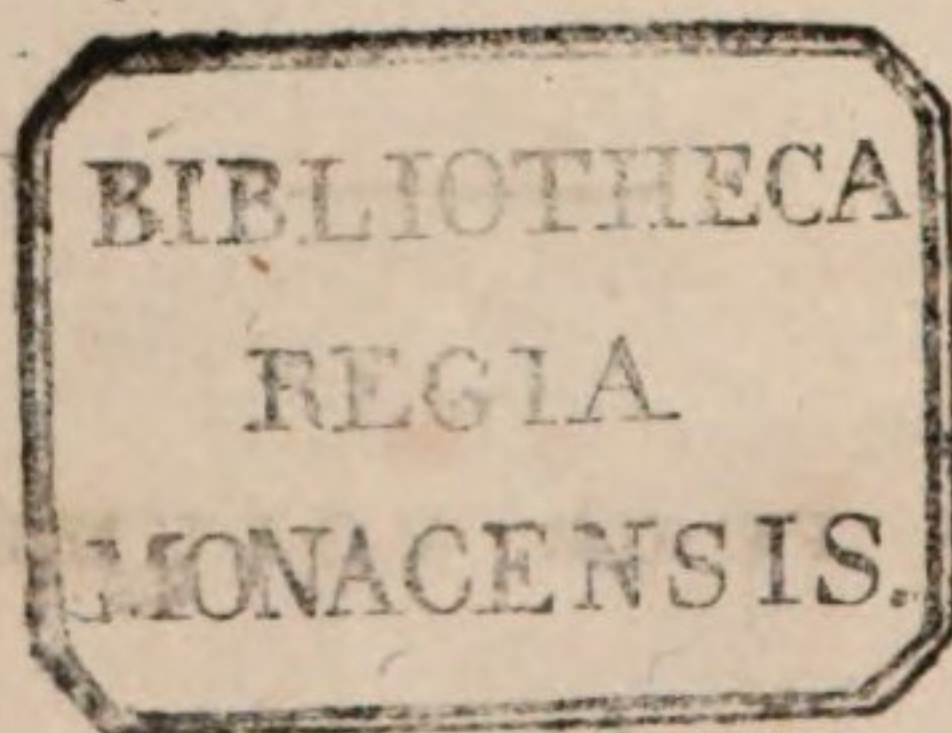
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1824.



QUENTIN DURWARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TAVARLY'.





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# QUENTIN DURWARD.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE CITY.

*Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
you up  
To any sudden act of mutiny!*

*Julius Cæsar.*

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SEPARATED from the Lady Isabelle, whose looks had been for so many days his load-star, Quentin felt a strange vacancy and chillness of the heart, which he had not yet experienced in any of the vicissitudes to which his life had subjected him. No doubt the cessation of the close



and unavoidable intercourse and intimacy betwixt them was the necessary consequence of the Countess having obtained a place of settled residence; for, under what pretext could she, had she meditated such an impropriety, have had a gallant young squire, such as Quentin, in constant attendance upon her?

But the shock of the separation was not the more welcome that it seemed unavoidable, and the proud heart of Quentin swelled at finding he was parted with like an ordinary postillion, or an escort whose duty is discharged; while his eyes sympathized so far as to drop a secret tear or two over the ruins of all those airy castles, so many of which he had employed himself in constructing during their too interesting journey. He made a manly, but, at first, a vain effort to throw off this mental dejection; and so, yielding to the feelings he could not suppress, he sat him down in one of the deep recesses formed by a window which lighted the great Gothic hall of Schonwaldt, and there mused upon his hard fortune, which had not assigned him rank or wealth sufficient to prosecute his daring suit. At length his natural buoyancy of temper returned, much excited by the title of an old *romaunt* which had been just printed at Strasburgh, and which lay beside him in the window, the title of which set forth,



How the Squire of lowe degree,  
Loved the King's daughter of Hongarie.

While he was tracing the "letteres blake" of the ditty so congenial to his own situation, Quentin was interrupted by a touch on the shoulder, and, looking up, beheld the Bohemian standing by him.

Hayraddin, never a welcome sight, was odious from his late treachery, and Quentin sternly asked him, why he dared take the freedom to touch a Christian and a gentleman?

"Simply," answered the Bohemian, "because I wished to know if the Christian gentleman had lost his feeling as well as his eyes and ears. I have stood speaking to you these five minutes, and you have stared on that scrap of yellow parchment, as if it were a spell to turn you into a statue, and had already wrought half its purpose."

"Well, what doest thou want? Speak, and begone!"

"I want what all men want, though few are satisfied with it," said Hayraddin; "I want my due; my ten crowns of gold for guiding the ladies hither."

"With what face darest thou ask any guerdon beyond my sparing thy worthless life?" said Dur-



ward, fiercely; "thou knowest that it was thy purpose to have betrayed them on the road."

"But I did *not* betray them," said Hayradin; "if I had, I would have asked no guerdon from you or from them, but from him whom their keeping upon the right-hand side of the river might have benefitted. The party that I have served is the party who must pay me."

"Thy guerdon perish with thee, then, traitor!" said Quentin, telling out the money; for he had been, in his capacity of major domo, furnished with a sum for all such expences. "Get thee to the Boar of Ardennes, or to the devil! but keep hereafter out of my sight, lest I send thee thither before thy time."

"The Boar of Ardennes!" repeated the Bohemian, with a stronger emotion of surprise than his features usually expressed; "it was then no vague guess — no general suspicion — which made you insist on changing the road? Can it be — are there really in other lands arts of prophecy more sure than those of our wandering tribes? The willow tree under which we spoke could tell no tales. But no — no — no — Dolt that I was! — I have it — I have it! — The willow by the brook near yonder convent — I saw you look towards it as you passed it, about half a mile from yon hive of drones — that could not indeed speak, but it might hide one who could hear! I will hold my



councils in an open plain henceforth; not a bunch of thistles shall be near me for a Scot to shroud amongst — Ha! ha! the Scot hath beat the Zingaro at his own subtle weapons. But know, Quentin Durward, that you have foiled me to the marring of thine own fortune — Yes! the fortune I told thee of, from the lines on thy hand, had been richly accomplished but for thine own obstinacy.”

“By Saint Andrew,” said Quentin, “thy impudence makes me laugh in spite of myself — How, or in what, should thy successful villainy have been of service to me? I heard, indeed, that you did stipulate to save my life, which condition your worthy allies would speedily have forgotten, had we once come to blows — but in what thy betrayal of these ladies could have served me, but by exposing me to death or captivity, is a matter beyond human brains to conjecture.”

“No matter thinking of it then,” said Hayraddin, “for I mean still to surprise you with my gratitude. Had you kept back my hire, I should have held that we were quit, and had left you to your own foolish guidance. As it is, I remain your debtor for yonder matter on the banks of the Cher.”

“Methinks I have already taken out the payment in cursing and abusing thee,” said Quentin.

“Hard words, or kind ones,” said the Zin-



garo, «are but wind, which make no weight in the balance. Had you struck me, indeed, instead of threatening — —»

«I am like enough to take out payment in that way, if you provoke me longer»

«I would not advise it,» said the Zingaro; «such payment, made by a rash hand, might exceed the debt, and unhappily leave a balance on your side, which I am not one to forget or forgive. And now farewell, but not for a long space — I go to bid adieu to the Ladies of Croye.»

«Thou?» said Quentin in astonishment — «*thou* be admitted to the presence of the ladies, and here, where they are in a manner recluses, under the protection of the Bishop's sister, a noble canoness? It is impossible.»

«Marthon, however, waits to conduct me to their presence,» said the Zingaro, with a sneer; «and I must pray your forgiveness if I leave you something abruptly.»

He turned as if to depart, but instantly coming back, said, with a tone of deep and serious emphasis, «I know your hopes — they are daring, yet not vain if I aid them. I know your fears — they should teach prudence, not timidity. Every woman may be won. A count is but a nickname, which will besit Quentin as well as the other nickname of duke besits Charles, or that of king besits Louis.»



Ere Durward could reply, the Bohemian had left the hall. Quentin instantly followed; but, better acquainted than the Scot with the passages of the house, Hayraddin kept the advantage which he had gotten; and the pursuer lost sight of him as he descended a small back stair-case. Still Durward followed, though without exact consciousness of his own purpose in doing so. The staircase terminated by a door opening into the alley of a garden, in which he again beheld the Zingaro hastening down a pleached walk.

On two sides, the garden was surrounded by the buildings of the castle — a huge old pile, partly castellated, and partly resembling an ecclesiastical building; on the other two sides, the enclosure was a high embattled wall. Crossing the alleys of the garden to another part of the building, where a postern-door opened behind a large massive buttress, overgrown with ivy, Hayraddin looked back, and waved his hand in signal of an exulting farewell to his follower, who saw that in effect the postern-door was opened by Marthon, and that the vile Bohemian was admitted into the precincts, as he naturally concluded, of the apartment of the Countesses of Croye. Quentin bit his lips with indignation, and blamed himself severely that he had not made the ladies sensible of the full infamy of Hayraddin's character, and acquainted with his machinations



against their safety. The arrogating manner in which the Bohemian had promised to back his suit, added to his anger and his disgust; and he felt as if even the hand of the Countess Isabelle would be profaned, were it possible to attain it by such patronage. "But it is all a deception," he said — "a turn of his base juggling artifice. He has procured access to these ladies upon some false pretence, and for some mischievous intention. It is well I have learned where they lodge. I will watch Marthon, and solicit an interview with them, were it but to place them on their guard. It is hard that I must use artifice and brook delay, when such as he have admittance openly and without scruple. They shall find, however, that though I am excluded from their presence, Isabelle's safety is still the chief subject of my vigilance."

While the young lover was thus meditating, an aged gentleman of the Bishop's household approached him from the same door by which he had himself entered the garden, and made him aware, though with the greatest civility of manner, that the garden was private, and reserved only for the use of the Bishop, and guests of the very highest distinction.

Quentin heard him repeat this information twice ere he put the proper construction upon it; and then starting as from a reverie, he bowed and



hurried out of the garden, the official person following him all the way, and overwhelming him with formal apologies for the necessary discharge of his duty. Nay, so pertinacious was he in his attempts to remove the offence which he conceived Durward to have taken, that he offered to bestow his own company upon him, to contribute to his entertainment; until Quentin, internally cursing his formal foppery, found no better way of escape, than pretending a desire of visiting the neighbouring city, and setting off thither at such a round pace as speedily subdued all desire in the gentleman-usher to accompany him farther than the drawbridge. In a few minutes, Quentin was within the walls of the city of Liege, then one of the richest in Flanders, and of course in the world.

Melancholy, even love-melancholy, is not so deeply seated, at least in minds of a manly and elastic character, as the soft enthusiasts who suffer under it are fond of believing. It yields to unexpected and striking impressions upon the senses, to change of place, to such scenes as create new trains of association, and to the influence of the busy hum of mankind. In a few minutes, Quentin's attention was as much engrossed by the variety of objects presented in rapid succession by the busy streets of Liege, as if there had neither been a Countess Isabelle, nor a Bohemian in the world.



The lofty houses, — the stately, though narrow and gloomy streets, — the splendid display of the richest goods, and most gorgeous armour in the warehouses and shops around, — the walks crowded by busy citizens of every description, passing and repassing with faces of careful importance or eager bustle, — the huge wains, which transported to and fro the subjects of export and import, the former consisting of broad cloths and serge, arms of all kinds, nails and iron work of every kind, while the latter comprehended every article of use or luxury, intended either for the consumption of an opulent city, or received in barter, and destined to be transported elsewhere, — all the objects combined to form an engrossing picture of wealth, bustle, and splendour, to which Quentin had been hitherto a stranger. He admired also the various streams and canals, drawn from and communicating with the Maes, which, traversing the city in various directions, offered to every quarter the commercial facilities of water-carriage, and he failed not to hear a mass in the venerable old Church of Saint Lambert, said to have been founded in the eighth century.

It was upon leaving this place of worship that Quentin began to observe, that he, who had been hitherto gazing on all around him with the eagerness of unrestrained curiosity, was himself the object of attention to several groupes of sub-



stantial-looking burghers, who seemed assembled to look upon him as he left the church, and amongst whom arose a buzz and whisper, which spread from one party to another; while the number of gazers continued to augment rapidly, and the eyes of each who added to it were eagerly directed to Quentin, with a stare which expressed much interest and curiosity, mingled with a certain degree of respect.

At length he now formed the centre of a considerable crowd, which yet yielded before him while he continued to move forward; while those who followed or kept pace with him, studiously avoided pressing on him, or impeding his motions. Yet his situation was too embarrassing to be long endured, without making some attempt to extricate himself, and to obtain some explanation.

Quentin looked around him, and fixing upon a jolly stout-made respectable man, whom, by his velvet cloak and gold chain, he concluded to be a burgher of eminence, and perhaps a magistrate, he asked him, "Whether he saw any thing particular in his appearance, to attract public attention in a degree so unusual? or whether it was the ordinary custom of the people of Liege thus to throng around strangers who chanced to visit their city?"

"Surely not, good seignor," answered the burgher; "the Liegeois are neither so idly cu-



rious as to practise such a custom, nor is there any thing in your dress or appearance, saving that which is most welcome to this city, and which our townsmen are both delighted to see and desirous to honour."

"This sounds very polite, worthy sir," said Quentin, "but, by the Cross of Saint Andrew, I cannot even guess at your meaning."

"Your oath, sir," answered the merchant of Liege, "as well as your accent, convinces me that we are right in our conjecture."

"By my patron Saint Quentin!" said Durward, "I am farther off from your meaning than ever."

"There again now," rejoined the Liegeois, looking, as he spoke, most provokingly, yet most civilly, politic and intelligent. — "It is surely not for us to see that which you, worthy seignor, deem it proper to conceal. But why swear by Saint Quentin, if you would not have me construe your meaning? — We know the good Count of Saint Paul, who lies there at present, wishes well to our cause."

"On my life," said Quentin, "you are under some delusion — I know nothing of Saint Paul."

"Nay, we question you not," said the burgher; "although, hark ye — I say hark in your ear — my name is Pavillon."



“And what is my business with that, Seignor Pavillon?” said Quentin.

“Nay, nothing — only methinks it might satisfy you that I am trust-worthy. — Here is my colleague Rouslaer, too.”

Rouslaer advanced, a corpulent dignitary, whose fair round belly, like a battering ram, “did shake the press before him,” and who, whispering caution to his neighbour, said, in a tone of rebuke, “You forget, good colleague, the place is too open — the seignor will retire to your house or mine, and drink a glass of Rhenish and sugar, and then we shall hear more of our good friend and ally, whom we love with all our honest Flemish hearts.”

“I have no news for any of you,” said Quentin, impatiently; “I will drink no Rhenish; and I only desire of you, as men of account and respectability, to disperse this idle crowd, and allow a stranger to leave your town as quietly as he came into it.”

“Nay, then, sir,” said Rouslaer, “since you stand so much on your incognito, and with us, too, who are men of confidence, let me ask you roundly, wherefore wear you the badge of your company if you would remain unknown in Liege?”

“What badge, and what order?” said Quentin; “you look like reverend men and grave



citizens, yet, on my soul, you are either mad yourselves, or desire to drive me so."

"Sapperment!" said the other burgher, "this youth would make Saint Lambert swear! Why, who wear bonnets with the Saint Andrew's cross and *fleur-de-lis*, save the Scottish Archers of King Louis's Guards?"

"And supposing I am an Archer of the Guard, why should you make a wonder of my wearing the badge of my company?" said Quentin, impatiently.

"He has avowed it, he has avowed it," said Rouslaer and Pavillon, turning to the assembled burghers, in attitudes of congratulation, with waving arms, extended palms, and large round faces radiating with glee. "He hath avowed himself an Archer of Louis's Guard — of Louis, the guardian of the liberties of Liege!"

A general shout and cry now arose from the multitude, in which were mingled the various sounds of "Long live Louis of France! Long live the Scottish Guard! Long live the valiant Archer! Our liberties, our privileges, or death! No imposts! Long live the valiant Boar of Ardennes! Down with Charles of Burgundy! and confusion to Bourbon and his bishopric!"

Half-stunned by the noise, which began anew in one quarter so soon as it ceased in another, rising and falling like the billows of the sea, and



augmented by thousands of voices which roared in chorus from distant streets and market-places, Quentin had yet time to form a conjecture concerning the meaning of the tumult, and a plan for regulating his own conduct.

He had forgotten that, after his skirmish with Orleans and Dunois, one of his comrades had, at Lord Crawford's command, replaced the morion, cloven by the sword of the latter, with one of the steel-lined bonnets, which formed a part of the proper and well-known equipment of the Scotch Guards. That an individual of this body, which was always kept very close to Louis's person, should have appeared in the streets of a city, whose civil discontents had been aggravated by the agents of that King, was naturally enough interpreted by the burghers of Liege into a determination on the King's part openly to assist their cause; and the apparition of an individual archer was magnified into a pledge of immediate and active support from Louis — nay, into an assurance that his auxiliary forces were actually entering the town at one or other, though no one could distinctly tell which, of the city-gates.

To remove a conviction so generally adopted, Quentin easily saw was impossible — nay, that any attempt to undeceive men so obstinately prepossessed in their belief, would be attended with personal risk, which, in this case, he saw little



use of incurring. He therefore hastily resolved to temporize, and to get free the best way he could; and this resolution he formed while they were in the act of conducting him to the Stadthouse, where the notables of the town were fast assembling, in order to hear the tidings which he was presumed to have brought, and to regale him with a splendid banquet.

In spite of all his opposition, which was set down to modesty, he was on every side surrounded by the donors of popularity, the unsavoury tide of which now floated around him. His two burgomaster friends, who were *Schoppen*, or Syndics of the city, had made fast both his arms. Before him, Nikkel Blok, the chief of the butchers' incorporation, hastily summoned from his office in the shambles, brandished his death-doing axe, yet smeared with blood and brains, with a courage and grace which *brantwein* alone could inspire. Behind him came the tall, lean, raw-boned, very drunk, and very patriotic figure of Claus Hammerlein, president of the mystery of the workers in iron, and followed by at least a thousand unwashed artificers of his class. Weavers, nailors, ropemakers, artizans of every degree and calling, thronged forward to join the procession from every gloomy and narrow street. Escape seemed a desperate and impossible adventure.

In this dilemma, Quentin appealed to Rous.



lear, who held one arm, and to Pavillon, who had secured the other, and who were conducting him forward at the head of the ovation, of which he had so unexpectedly become the principal object. He hastily acquainted them « with his having thoughtlessly adopted the bonnet of the Scottish Guard, on an accident having occurred to the head-piece in which he had proposed to travel — he regretted that, owing to this circumstance, and the sharp wit with which the Liegeois drew the natural inference of his quality and the purpose of his visit, these things had been publicly discovered; and he intimated, that, if just now conducted to the Stadt-house, he might unhappily feel himself under the necessity of communicating to the assembled notables certain matters, which he was directed by the King to reserve for the private ears of his excellent gossips, Meinheers Rouslaer and Pavillon of Liege.”

This last hint operated like magic on the two citizens, who were the most distinguished leaders of the insurgent burghers, and were, like all demagogues of their kind, desirous to keep every thing within their own management, so far as possible. They therefore hastily agreed that Quentin should leave the town for the time, and return by night to Liege, and converse with them privately in the house of Rouslaer, near the gate opposite to Schonwaldt. Quentin hesitated not to



tell them, that he was at present residing in the Bishop's palace, under pretence of bearing dispatches from the French court, although his real errand was, as they had well conjectured, designed to the citizens of Liege; and this tortuous mode of conducting a communication, as well as the character and rank of the person to whom it was supposed to be entrusted, was so consonant to the character of Louis, as neither to excite doubt nor surprise.

Almost immediately after this *eclaircissement* was completed, the progress of the multitude brought them opposite to the door of Pavillon's house, in one of the principal streets, but which communicated from behind with the Maes, by means of a garden, as well as an extensive manufactory of tan-pits, and other conveniences for dressing hides; for the patriotic buigher was a felt-dresser, or currier.

It was natural that Pavillon should desire to do the honours of his dwelling to the supposed envoy of Louis, and a halt before his house excited no surprise on the part of the multitude; who, on the contrary, greeted Meinheer Pavillon with a loud *vivat*, as he ushered in his distinguished guest. Quentin speedily laid aside his remarkable bonnet, for the cap of a felt-maker, and flung a long cloak over his other apparel. Pavillon then furnished him with a passport to pass the gates of



the city, and to return by night or day as should suit his convenience; and lastly, committed him to the charge of his daughter, a fair and smiling Flemish lass, with instructions how he was to be disposed of, while he himself hastened back to his colleague, to amuse their friends at the Stadthouse, with the best excuses which they could invent for the disappearance of King Louis's envoy. We cannot, as the footman says in the play, recollect the exact nature of the lie which the bell-wethers told the flock; but no task is so easy as that of imposing upon a multitude whose eager prejudices have more than half done the business, ere the impostor has spoken a word.

The worthy burgess was no sooner gone, than his plump daughter Trudchen, with many a blush, and many a wreathed smile, which suited every prettily with lips like cherries, laughing blue eyes, and a skin transparently pure, escorted the handsome stranger through the pleached alleys of the Sieur Pavillon's garden, down to the water-side, and there saw him fairly embarked in a boat, which two stout Flemings, in their trunk-hose, fur-caps, and many-button'd jerkins, had got in readiness with as much haste as their Low Country nature would permit.

As the pretty Trudchen spoke nothing but German, Quentin, — no disparagement to his loyal affection to the Countess of Croye, — could only ex-



press his thanks by a kiss on those same cherry lips, which was very gallantly bestowed, and accepted with all modest gratitude; for gallants with a form and a face like our Scottish Archer, were not of every day occurrence among the *bourgeoisie* of Liege.

While the boat was rowed up the sluggish waters of the Maes, and passed the defences of the town, Quentin had time enough to reflect, what account he ought to give of his adventure in Liege, when he returned to the Bishop's palace of Schonwalds; and disdaining alike to betray any person who had reposed confidence in him, although by misapprehension, or to conceal from the hospitable Prelate the mutinous state of his capital, he resolved to confine himself to so general an account as might put the Bishop upon his guard, while it should point out no individual to his vengeance.

He was landed from the boat, within half a mile of the castle, and rewarded his rowers with a guilder, to their great satisfaction. Yet, short as was the space which divided him from Schonwaldt, the castle-bell had tolled for dinner, and Quentin found, moreover, that he had approached the castle on a different side from that of the principal entrance, and that to go round would throw his arrival considerably later. He therefore made straight towards the side that was



nearest him, as he discerned that it presented an embattled wall, probably that of the little garden already noticed, with a postern opening upon the moat, and a skiff moored by the postern, which might serve, he thought, upon summons, to pass him over. As he approached, in hopes to make his entrance this way, the postern opened, a man came out, and, jumping into the boat, made his way to the farther side of the moat, and then, with a long pole, pushed the skiff back towards the place where he had embarked. — As he came near, Quentin discerned that this person was the Bohemian, who avoiding him, as was not difficult, held a different path towards Liege, and was presently out of his ken.

Here was new subject for meditation. Had this vagabond heathen been all this while with the Ladies of Croye, and for what purpose should they so far have graced him with their presence? Tormented with this thought, Durward became doubly determined so seek an explanation with them, for the purpose at once of laying bare the treachery of Hayraddin, and announcing to them the perilous state in which their protector, the Bishop, was placed, by the mutinous state of his town of Liege.

As Quentin thus resolved, he entered the castle by the principal gate, and found that part of the family who assembled for dinner in the great hall,



including the Bishop's attendant clergy, officers of the household, and strangers below the rank of the very first nobility, were already placed at their meal. A seat at the upper end of the board had, however, been reserved beside the Bishop's domestic chaplain, who welcomed the stranger with the old college jest of, *Sero venientibus ossa*, while he took care so to load his plate with dainties, as to take away all appearance of that reality, which, in Quentin's country, is said to render a joke either no joke, or at best an unpalatable one.

In vindicating himself from the suspicion of ill breeding, Quentin briefly described the tumult which had been occasioned in the city by his being discovered to belong to the Scottish Archer-guard of Louis, and endeavoured to give a ludicrous turn to the narrative, by saying, that he had been with difficulty extricated by a fat burgher of Liege and his pretty daughter.

But the company were too much interested in the story to taste the jest. All operations of the table were suspended while Quentin told his tale; and when he had ceased, there was a solemn pause, which was only broken by the Major-Domo saying, in a low and melancholy tone, "I would to God that we saw those hundred lances of Burgundy!"

"Why should you think so deeply on it?"



said Quentin — “ You have many soldiers here, whose trade is arms; and your antagonists are only the rabble of a disorderly city, who will fly before the first flutter of a banner with men-at-arms arrayed beneath it.”

“ You do not know the men of Liege,” said the Chaplain, “ of whom it may be said, that, not even excepting those of Ghent, they are at once the fiercest and the most untameable in Europe. Twice has the Duke of Burgundy chastised them for their repeated revolts against their Bishop, and twice hath he suppressed them with much severity, abridged their privileges, taken away their banners, and established rights and claims to himself, which were not before competent over a free city of the Empire — Nay, the last time he defeated them with much slaughter near Saint Tron, where Liege lost nearly six thousand men, what with the sword, what with those drowned in the flight; and thereafter, to disable them from farther mutiny, Duke Charles refused to enter at any of the gates which they had surrendered, but, beating to the ground forty cubits breadth of their city wall, marched into Liege as a conqueror, with visor closed and lance in rest, at the head of his chivalry, by the breach which he had made. Nay, well were the Liegeois then assured, that, but for the intercession of Duke Philip the Good, this Charles, then called



Count of Charalois, would have given their town up to spoil. And yet, with all these fresh recollections, with their breaches unrepaired, and their arsenals scarcely supplied, the sight of an Archer's bonnet is sufficient again to stir them to uproar. May God amend all! but I fear there will be bloody work between so fierce a population and so fiery a Sovereign; and I would my excellent and kind master had a see of lesser dignity and more safety, for his mitre is lined with thorns instead of ermine. This much I say to you, Seignor Stranger, to make you aware, that, if your affairs detain you not at Schonwaldt, it is a place from which each man of sense should depart as speedily as possible. I apprehend that your ladies are of the same opinion; for one of the grooms who attended them on the route has been sent back by them to the court of France with letters, which, doubtless, are intended to announce their going in search of a safer asylum."

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## CHAPTER XX.

### THE BILLET.

*Go to — thou art made, if thou desirest to be so — If not, let me see thee still the fellow of servants, and not fit to touch Fortune's fingers.*

*Twelfth Night.*

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WHEN the tables were drawn, the Chaplain, who seemed to have taken a sort of attachment to Quentin Durward's society, or who perhaps desired to extract from him farther information concerning the meeting of the morning, led him into a withdrawing apartment, the windows of which, on one side, projected into the garden; and as he saw his companion's eye gaze rather eagerly upon the spot, he proposed to Quentin to go down and take a view of the curious foreign



shrubs with which the Bishop had enriched its parterres.

Quentin excused himself, as unwilling to intrude, and therewithal communicated the check which he had received in the morning. The Chaplain smiled, and said, "That there was indeed some ancient prohibition respecting the Bishop's private garden; but this," he added, with a smile, "was when our reverend father was a princely young prelate of not more than thirty years of age, and when many fair ladies frequented the castle for ghostly consolation. Need there was," he said, with a downcast look, and a smile, half simple and half intelligent, "that these ladies, pained in conscience, who were ever lodged in the apartments now occupied by the noble Canoness, should have some space for taking the air, secure from the intrusion of the profane. But of late years," he added, "this prohibition, although not formally removed, has fallen entirely out of observance, and remains but as the superstition which haunts the brain of a superannuated gentleman-usher. If you please," he added, "we will presently descend, and try whether the place be haunted or no."

Nothing could have been more agreeable to Quentin than the prospect of a free communication with the garden, through means of which, according to a chance which had hitherto at-



tended his passion, he hoped to communicate with, or at least obtain sight of, the object of his affections, from some such turret or balcony-window, or similar «coin of vantage,” as at the hostelry of the Fleur-de-Lys, near Plessis, or the Dauphin’s Tower, within that Castle itself. Isabelle seemed still destined, wherever she made her abode, to be the Lady of the Turret.

When Durward descended with his new friend into the garden, the latter seemed a terrestrial philosopher, entirely busied with the things of the earth; while the eyes of Quentin, if they did not seek the heavens, like those of an astrologer, ranged, at least, all around the windows, balconies, and especially the turrets, which projected on every part from the inner front of the old building, in order to discover that which was to be his cynosure.

While thus employed, the young lover heard with total neglect, if indeed he heard at all, the enumeration of plants, herbs, and shrubs, which his reverend conductor pointed out to him; of which this was choice, because of prime use in medicine; and that more choice, for yielding a rare flavour to potage; and a third, choicest of all, because possessed of no merit but its extreme scarcity. Still it was necessary to preserve some semblance at least of attention; which the youth found so difficult, that he fairly wished at the



devil the officious naturalist and the whole vegetable kingdom. He was relieved at length by the striking of a clock, which summoned the Chaplain to some official duty.

The reverend man made many unnecessary apologies for leaving his new friend, and concluded by giving him the agreeable assurance, that he might walk in the garden till supper, without much risk of being disturbed.

“It is,” said he, “the place where I always study my own homilies, as being most sequestered from the resort of strangers. I am now about to deliver one of them in the chapel, if you please to favour me with your audience. — I have been thought to have some gift — But the glory be where it is due.

Quentin excused himself for this evening, under pretence of a severe head-ach, which the open air was likely to prove the best cure for; and at length the well-meaning priest left him to himself.

It may be well imagined, that in the curious inspection which he now made, at more leisure, of every window or aperture which looked into the garden, those did not escape which were in the immediate neighbourhood of the small door by which he had seen Marthon admit Hayradin, as he pretended, to the apartment of the Countesses. But nothing stirred or shewed it-



self, which could either confute or confirm the tale which the Bohemian had told, until it was becoming dusky; and Quentin began to be sensible, he scarce knew why, that his sauntering so long in the garden might be subject of displeasure or suspicion.

Just as he had resolved to depart, and was taking what he had destined for his last turn under the windows which had such attraction for him, he heard above him a slight and cautious sound, like that of a cough, as intended to call his attention, and to avoid the observation of others. As he looked up in joyful surprise, a casement opened — a female hand was seen to drop a billet, which fell into a rosemary bush that grew at the foot of the wall. The precaution used in dropping this letter, prescribed equal prudence and secrecy in reading it. The garden, surrounded, as we have said, upon two sides, by the buildings of the palace, was commanded, of course, by the windows of many apartment; but there was a sort of grotto of rock-work, which the Chaplain had shewn Durward with much complacency. To snatch up the billet, thrust it into his bosom, and hie to this place of secrecy, was the work of a single minute. He there opened the precious scroll, and blessed, at the same time, the memory of the Monks of Aberbrothock, whose



nurture had rendered him capable of decyphering its contents.

The first line contained the injunction, "Read this in secret," — and the contents were as follows: "What your eyes have too boldly said, mine have perhaps too rashly understood. But, unjust persecution makes its victims bold, and it were better to throw myself on the gratitude of one, than to remain the object of pursuit to many. Fortune has her throne upon a rock; but brave men fear not to climb. If you dare do aught for one that hazards much, you need but pass into this garden at prime to-morrow, wearing in your cap a blue-and-white feather; but expect no further communication. Your stars have, they say, destined you for greatness, and disposed you to gratitude. — Farewell — be faithful, prompt, and resolute, and doubt not thy fortune." Within this letter was enclosed a ring with a table diamond, on which were cut in form of a lozenge, the ancient arms of the House of Croye.

The first feeling of Quentin upon this occasion was unmingled ecstasy — a pride and joy which seemed to raise him to the stars, — a determination to do or die, influenced by which he treated with scorn the thousand obstacles that placed themselves betwixt him and the goal of his wishes.

In this mood of rapture, unable to endure



any interruption which might withdraw his mind, were it but for a moment, from so ecstatic a subject of contemplation, Durward, retiring to the interior of the castle, hastily assigned his former pretext of a headach for not joining the household of the Bishop at the supper-meal, and lighting his lamp, betook himself to the chamber which had been assigned him, to read, and to read again and again, the precious billet, and to kiss a thousand times the no less precious ring.

But such high-wrought feelings could not remain long in the same ecstatic tone. A thought pressed upon him, though he repelled it as ungrateful — as even blasphemous — that the frankness of the confession implied less delicacy, on the part of her who made it, than was consistent with the high romantic feeling of adoration with which he had hitherto worshipped the Lady Isabelle. No sooner did this ungracious thought intrude itself, than he hastened to stifle it, as he would have stifled a hissing and hateful adder, that had intruded itself into his couch. Was it for him — him the Favoured — on whose account she had stooped from her sphere, to ascribe blame to her for the very act of condescension, without which he dared not have raised his eyes towards her? Did not her very dignity of birth and of condition, reverse, in her case, the usual rules which impose silence on the lady until her lover shall



have first spoken? To these arguments, which he boldly formed into syllogisms, and avowed to himself, his vanity might possibly suggest one which he cared not to embody even mentally with the same frankness — that the merit of the party beloved might perhaps warrant, on the part of the lady, some little departure from common rules; and, after all, as in the case of Malvolio, there was example for it in chronicle. The Squire of low degree, of whom he had been just reading, was, like himself, a gentleman void of land and living, and yet the generous Princess of Hungary bestowed on him, without scruple, more substantial marks of her affection, than the billet he had just received: —

“Welcome,” she said, “my swete Squyre,  
My heartis roote, my soule’s desire;  
I will give thee kisses three,  
And als five hundrid poundis in fee.”

And again the same faithful history made the King of Hongrie himself avouch,

“I have yknown many a page,  
Come to be Prince by marriage.”

So that, upon the whole, Quentin generously and magnanimously reconciled himself to a line of



conduct on the Countess's part, by which he was likely to be so highly benefited.

But this scruple was succeeded by another doubt, harder of digestion. The traitor Hayraddin had been in the apartments of the ladies, for aught Quentin knew, for the space of four hours, and considering the hints which he had thrown out, of possessing an influence of the most interesting kind over the fortunes of Quentin Durward, what should assure him that this train was not of his laying? and if so, was it not probable that such a dissembling villain had set it on foot to conceal some new plan of treachery — perhaps to seduce Isabelle out of the protection of the worthy Bishop? This was a matter to be closely looked into, for Quentin felt a repugnance to this individual proportioned to the unabashed impudence with which he had avowed his profligacy, and could not bring himself to hope, that any thing in which he was concerned could ever come to an honourable or happy conclusion.

These various thoughts rolled over Quentin's mind like misty clouds, to dash and obscure the fair landscape which his fancy had at first drawn, and his couch was that night a sleepless one. At the hour of prime — ay, and an hour before it, was he in the castle-garden, where no one now opposed either his entrance or his abode, with a feather of the assigned colour, as distinguished as



he could by any means procure in such haste. No notice was taken of his appearance for nearly two hours; at length he heard a few notes of the lute, and presently the lattice opened right above the little postern-door at which Marthon had admitted Hayraddin, and Isabelle, in maidenly beauty, appeared at the opening, greeted him half-kindly half-shyly, coloured extremely at the deep and significant reverence with which he returned her courtesy — shut the casement, and disappeared.

Daylight and champagne could discover no more. The authenticity of the billet was ascertained — it only remained what was to follow; and of this the fair writer had given him no hint. But no immediate danger impended — The Countess was in a strong castle, under the protection of a Prince, at once respectable for his secular, and venerable for his ecclesiastical authority. There was neither immediate room nor occasion for the adventurous Squire interfering in the adventure; and it was sufficient if he kept himself prompt to execute her commands whensoever they should be communicated to him. But Fate purposed to call him into action sooner than he was aware of.

It was the fourth night after his arrival at Schonwaldt, when Quentin had taken measures for sending back on the morrow to the court of



Louis, the remaining groom who had accompanied him on his journey, with letters from himself to his uncle and Lord Crawford, renouncing the service of France, for which the treachery to which he had been exposed by the private instructions of Hayraddin gave him an excuse, both in honour and prudence; and he betook himself to his bed with all the rosy-coloured ideas around him which flutter about the couch of a youth when he loves dearly, and thinks his love is as sincerely repaid.

But Quentin's dreams, which at first partook of the nature of those happy influences under which he had fallen asleep, began by degrees to assume a more terrific character.

He walked with the Countess Isabelle beside a smooth and inland lake, such as formed the principal characteristic of his native glen; and he spoke to her of his love without any consciousness of the impediments which lay between them. She blushed and smiled when she listened — even as he might have expected from the tenor of the letter, which, sleeping or waking, lay nearest to his heart. But the scene suddenly changed from summer to winter — from calm to tempest; the winds and the waves rose with such a contest of surge and whirlwind, as if the demons of the water and of the air had been contending for their roaring empires in rival strife. The rising waters seemed to cut off their advance and



their retreat — the increasing tempest, which dashed them against each other, seemed to render their remaining on the spot impossible; and the tumultuous sensations produced by the apparent danger awoke the dreamer.

He awoke; but although the circumstances of the vision had disappeared, and given place to reality, the noise, which had probably suggested them, still continued to sound in his ears.

Quentin's first impulse was to sit erect in bed, and listen with astonishment to sounds, which, if they had announced a tempest, might have shamed the wildest that ever burst down from the Crampians; and again in a minute he became sensible, that the tumult was not excited by the fury of the elements, but by the wrath of men.

He sprung from bed, and looked from the window of his apartment; but it opened into the garden, and on that side all was quiet, though the opening of the casement made him still more sensible, from the shouts which reached his ears, that the outside of the castle was beleaguered and assaulted, and that by a numerous and determined enemy. Hastily collecting his dress and arms and putting them on with such celerity as darkness and surprise permitted, his attention was solicited by a knocking at the door of his chamber. As Quentin did not immediately answer, the door, which was but a slight one, was forced open from



without, and the intruder, announced by his peculiar dialect to be the Bohemian, Hayraddin Maugrabin, entered the apartment. A phial, which he held in his hand, touched by a match, produced a dark flash of ruddy fire, by means of which he kindled a lamp, which he took from his bosom.

“The horoscope of your destinies,” he said energetically to Durward, without any farther greeting, “now turns upon the determination of a minute.”

“Caitiff!” said Quentin, in reply, “there is treachery around us; and where there is treachery, thou *must* have a share in it.”

“You are mad,” answered Maugrabin — “I never betrayed any one but to gain by it — and wherefore should I betray you, by whose safety I can take more advantage than by your destruction? Harken for a moment, if it be possible for you, to one note of reason, ere it is sounded into your ear by the death-shout of ruin. The Liegeois are up — William de la Marck with his band leads them — Were there means of resistance, their numbers, and his fury, would overcome them; but there are next to none. If you would save the Countess and your own hopes, follow me in the name of her who sent you a table-diamond, with three leopards engraved on it!”



“Lead the way,” said Quentin, hastily — “In that name I dare every danger.”

“As I shall manage it,” said the Bohemian, “there is no danger, if you can but withhold your hand from strife which does not concern you; for, after all, what is it to you whether the Bishop, as they call him, slaughters his flock, or the flock slaughters the shepherd? — Ha! ha! ha! Follow me, but with caution and patience; subdue your own courage, and confide in my prudence — and my debt of thankfulness is paid, and you have a Countess for your spouse. — Follow me.”

“I follow,” said Quentin, drawing his sword; “but the moment in which I detect the least sign of treachery, thy head and body are three yards separate.”

Without more conversation, the Bohemian, seeing that Quentin was now fully armed and ready, ran down the stairs before him, and winded hastily through various side-passages, until they gained the little garden. Scarce a light was to be seen on that side, scarce any bustle was to be heard; but no sooner had Quentin entered the open space, than the noise on the opposite side of the castle became ten times more stunningly audible, and he could hear the various war-cries of “Liege! Liege! Sanglier! Sanglier!” shouted by the assailants, while the feebler cry of “Our



Lady for the Prince Bishop!" was raised in a faint and faltering tone, by those who had hastened, though surprised and at disadvantage, to the defence of the walls.

But the interest of the fight, notwithstanding the martial character of Quentin Durward, was indifferent to him in comparison of the fate of Isabelle of Croye, which, he had reason to fear, would be a dreadful one, unless rescued from the power of the dissolute and cruel freebooter, who was now, as it seemed, bursting the gates of the castle. He reconciled himself to the aid of the Bohemian, as men in a desperate illness refuse not the remedy prescribed by quacks and mountebanks, and followed across the garden, with the intention of being guided by him until he should discover symptoms of treachery, and then piercing him through the heart, or striking his head from his body. Hayraddin seemed himself conscious that his safety turned on a featherweight, for he forbore, from the moment they entered the open air, all his wonted gibes and smirks, and seemed to have made a vow to act at once with modesty, courage, and activity.

At the opposite door, which led to the ladies' apartments, upon a low signal made by Hayraddin, appeared two women, muffled in the black silk veils which were then, as now, worn by the women in the Netherlands. Quentin offered his



arm to one of them, who clung to it with trembling eagerness, and indeed hung upon him so much, that had her weight been greater, she must have much impeded their retreat. The Bohemian, who conducted the other female, took the road straight for the postern which opened upon the moat, through the garden wall, close to which the little skiff was drawn up, by means of which Quentin had formerly observed Hayraddin himself retreating from the castle.

As they crossed, the shouts of storm and successful violence seemed to announce that the castle was in the act of being taken; and so dismal was the sound in Quentin's ears, that he could not help swearing aloud, "But that my blood is irretrievably devoted to the fulfillment of my present duty, I would back to the wall, take faithful part with the hospitable Bishop, and silence some of those knaves whose throats are full of mutiny and robbery."

The lady, whose arm was still folded in his, pressed it slightly as he spoke, as if to make him understand that there was a nearer claim on his chivalry than the defence of Schonwaldt; while the Bohemian exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, "Now, that I call right Christian frenzy, which would turn back to fight, when love and fortune both demand that we should fly. — On, on — with



all the haste you can make — Horses wait us in yonder thicket of willows.”

“There are but two horses,” said Quentin, who saw them in the moonlight.

“All that I could procure without exciting suspicion — and enough besides,” replied the Bohemian. “You two must ride for Tongres ere the way becomes unsafe — Marthon will abide with the women of our horde, with whom she is an old acquaintance. Know, she is a daughter of our tribe, and only dwelt among you to serve our purpose as occasion should fall.”

“Marthon!” exclaimed the Countess, looking at the veiled female, with a shriek of surprise; “is not this my kinswoman?”

“Only Marthon,” said Hayraddin — “Excuse me that little piece of deceit. I dared not carry off *both* the Ladies of Croye from the Wild Boar of Ardennes.”

“Wretch!” said Quentin, emphatically — “but it is not — shall not be too late — I will back to rescue the Lady Hameline.”

“Hameline,” whispered the lady, in a disturbed voice, “hangs on thy arm, to thank thee for her rescue.”

“Ha! what! — How is this?” said Quentin, extricating himself from her hold, and with less gentleness than he would at any other time have used towards a female of any rank — “Is the



Lady Isabelle then left behind? — Farewell — farewell.”

As he turned to hasten back to the castle, Hayraddin laid hold of him — “Nay, hear you — hear you — you run upon your death! What the foul fiend did you wear the colours of the old one for? — I will never trust blue and white silk again. But she has almost as large a dower — has jewels and gold — hath pretensions, too, upon the earldom.”

While he spoke thus, panting on in broken sentences, the Bohemian struggled to detain Quentin, who at length laid his hand on his dagger, in order to extricate himself.

“Nay, if that be the case,” said Hayraddin, unloosing his hold, “go — and the devil, if there be one, go along with you.” — And, soon as freed from his hold, the Scot shot back to the castle with the speed of the wind.

Hayraddin then turned round to the Countess Hameline, who had sunk down on the ground, between shame, fear, and disappointment.

“Here has been a mistake,” he said; “up, lady, and come with me — I will provide you, ere morning comes, a gallanter husband than this smock-faced boy, and if one will not serve, you shall have twenty.”



The Lady Hameline was as violent in her passions, as she was vain and weak in her understanding. Like many other persons, she went tolerably well through the ordinary duties of life; but in a crisis like the present, she was entirely incapable of doing aught, save pouring forth unavailing lamentations, and accusing Hayraddin of being a thief, a base slave, an impostor, a murderer.

“Call me Zingaro,” returned he, “and you have said all at once.”

“Monster! you said the stars had decreed our union, and caused me to write — O wretch that I was!” exclaimed the unhappy lady.

“And so they *had* decreed your union,” said Hayraddin, “had both parties been willing — but think you, the blessed constellations can make any one wed against his will? — I was led into error with your accursed Christian gallantries, and fopperies of ribbands and favours — and the youth prefers veal to beef, I think — that’s all. — Up and follow me; and take notice, I endure neither weeping now swooning.”

“I will not stir a foot,” said the Countess, obstinately.

“By the bright welkin, but you shall though!” exclaimed Hayraddin. “I swear to you, by all that ever fools believed in, that you have to do



with one, who would care little to strip you naked, bind you to a tree, and leave you to your fortune!"

"Nay," said Marthon, interfering, "by your favour, she shall not be misused. I wear a knife as well as you, and can use it — She is a kind woman, though a fool. — And you, madam, rise up and follow us — Here has been a mistake; but it is something to have saved life and limb. There are many in yonder castle would give all the wealth in the world to stand where we do now."

As Marthon spoke, a clamour, in which the shouts of victory were mingled with screams of terror and despair, was wafted to them from the Castle of Schonwaldt.

"Hear that, lady!" said Hayraddin, "and be thankful you are not adding your treble pipe to yonder concert. Believe me, I will care for you honestly, and the stars shall keep their words, and find you a good husband."

Like some wild animal, exhausted and subdued by terror and fatigue, the Countess Hameline yielded herself up to the conduct of her guides, and suffered herself to be passively led whichever way they would. Nay, such was the confusion of her spirits and the exhaustion of her strength, that the worthy couple, who half bore, half led



her, carried on their discourse in her presence without her even understanding it.

“I ever thought your plan was folly,” said Marthon. “Could you have brought the *young* people together, indeed, we might have had a hold on their gratitude and a footing in their castle. But what chance of so handsome a youth wedding this old fool?”

“Rizpah,” said Hayraddin, “you have borne the name of a Christian, and dwelt in the tents of these besotted people, till thou hast become a partaker in their follies. How could I dream that he would have made scruples about a few years, youth or age, when the advantages of the match were so evident? And thou knowest, there would have been no moving yonder coy wench to be so frank as this coming Countess here, who hangs on our arms as dead a weight as a wool-pack. I loved the lad too, and would have done him a kindness: to wed him to this old woman, was to make his fortune; to unite him to Isabelle, were to have brought on him De la Marck, Burgundy, France, — all who claim an interest in disposing of her hand. And this silly woman’s wealth being chiefly in gold and jewels, we should have had our share. But the bow-string has burst, and the arrow failed. Away with her — we will bring her to William with the Beard. By the time he



has gorged himself with wassail, as is his wont, he will not know an old Countess from a young one. Away, Rizpah — bear a gallant heart. The bright Aldeboran still influences the destinies of the Children of the Desert."



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## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE SACK.

*The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,  
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,  
In liberty of bloody hand shall range,  
With conscience wide as hell.*

*Henry V.*

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THE surprised and affrighted garrison of the Castle of Schonwaldt had, nevertheless, for some time, made good the defence of the place against the assailants; but the immense crowds which, issuing from the city of Liege, thronged to the assault like bees, distracted their attention, and abated their courage.

There was also disaffection at least, if not treachery among the defenders, for some called out to surrender, and others, deserting their posts, tried



to escape from the castle. Many threw themselves from the walls into the moat, and such as escaped drowning, flung aside their distinguishing badges, and saved themselves by mingling among the motley crowd of assailants. Some few, indeed, from attachment to the Bishop's person, drew around him, and continued to defend the great Keep, to which he had fled; and others, doubtful of receiving quarter, or from an impulse of desperate courage, held out other detached bulwarks and towers of the extensive building. But the assailants had got into possession of the courts and lower parts of the edifice, and were busy pursuing the vanquished, and searching for spoil, when one individual, as if he sought for that death from which all others were flying, endeavoured to force his way into the scene of tumult and horror, under apprehensions still more horrible to his imagination, than the realities around were to his sight and senses. Whoever had seen Quentin Durward that fatal night, not knowing the meaning of his conduct, had accounted him a raging madman; whoever had appreciated his motives, had ranked him nothing beneath a hero of romance.

Approaching Schonwaldt on the same side from which he had left it, the youth met several fugitives making for the wood, who naturally avoided him as an enemy, because he came in



an opposite direction from that which they had adopted. When he came nearer, he could hear, and partly see, men dropping from the garden-wall into the castle fosse, and others who seemed precipitated from the battlements by the assailants. His courage was not staggered, even for an instant. There was not time to look for the boat, even had it been practicable to use it, and it was in vain to approach the postern of the garden, which was crowded with fugitives, who ever and anon, as they were thrust through it by the pressure behind, fell into the moat which they had no means of crossing.

Avoiding that point, Quentin threw himself into the moat, near what was called the little gate of the castle, and where there was a drawbridge, which was still elevated. He avoided with difficulty the fatal grasp of more than one sinking wretch, and swimming to the drawbridge, caught hold of one of the chains which was hanging down, and, by a great exertion of strength and activity, swayed himself out of the water, and attained the platform from which the bridge was suspended. As with hands and knees he struggled to make good his footing, a Lanzknecht, with his bloody sword in his hand, made towards him, and raised his weapon for a blow, which must have been fatal.

“How now, fellow!” said Quentin, in a tone



of authority — “Is that the way in which you assist a comrade? — Give me your hand.”

The soldier in silence, and not without hesitation, reached him his arm, and helped him upon the platform, when, without allowing him time for reflection, the Scot continued in the same tone of command — “To the western tower, if you would be rich — the Priest’s treasury is in the western tower.”

The words were echoed on every hand; “To the western tower — the treasure is in the western tower!” And the stragglers who were within hearing of the cry, took, like a herd of raging wolves, the direction opposite to that which Quentin, come life, come death, was determined to pursue.

Bearing himself as if he were one, not of the conquered, but of the victors, he made a way into the garden, and pushed across it, with less interruption than he could have expected; for the cry of “to the western tower!” had carried off one body of the assailants, and another was summoned together, by war-cry and trumpet-sound, to assist in repelling a desperate sally, attempted by the defenders of the Keep, who had hoped to cut their way out of the castle, bearing the Bishop along with them. Quentin, therefore, crossed the garden with an eager step and throbbing heart, commending himself to those heavenly powers which had protected him through the numberless



perils of his life, and bold in his determination to succeed, or leave his life in this desperate undertaking. Ere he reached the garden, three men rushed on him with levelled lances, crying, "Liege, Liege!"

Putting himself in defence, but without striking, he replied, "France, France, friend to Liege!"

"Vivat France!" cried the burghers of Liege, and passed on. The same signal proved a talisman to avert the weapons of four or five of La Marck's followers, whom he found straggling in the garden, and who set upon him, crying, "Sanglier!"

In a word, Quentin began to hope, that his character as an emissary of King Louis, the private instigator of the insurgents of Liege, and the secret supporter of William de la Marck, might possibly bear him through the horrors of the night.

On reaching the turret, he shuddered when he found the little side-door, through which Marthon and the Countess Hameline had shortly before joined him, was now blockaded with more than one dead body.

Two of them he dragged hastily aside, and was stepping over the third body, in order to enter the portal, when the supposed dead man laid hand on his cloak, and entreated him to stay and assist him to rise. Quentin was about to use



rougher methods than struggling to rid himself of this untimely obstruction, when the fallen man continued to exclaim, «I am smothered here, in mine own armour! — I am the Syndic Pavillon of Liege! If you are for us, I will enrich you — if you are for the other side, I will protect you; but — but — do not leave me to die the death of a smothered pig!”

In the midst of this scene of blood and confusion, the presence of mind of Quentin suggested to him, that this dignitary might have the means of protecting their retreat. He raised him on his feet, and asked him if he was wounded.

«Not wounded — at least I think not —” answered the burgher; «but much out of wind.”

«Sit down then on this stone, and recover your breath,” said Quentin; «I will return instantly.”

«For whom are you?” said the burgher, still detaining him.

«For France — for France,” answered Quentin, studying to get away.

«What, my lively young Archer?” said the worthy Syndic. «Nay, if it has been my fate to find a friend in this fearful night, I will not quit him, I promise you. Go where you will, I follow; and, could I get some of the tight lads of our guildry together, I might be able to help



you in turn ; but they are all squandered abroad like so many peas. — O, it is a fearful night !”

During this time, he was dragging himself on after Quentin, who, aware of the importance of securing the countenance of a person of such influence, slackened his pace to assist him, although cursing in his heart the incumbrance that retarded his pace.

At the top of the stair was an anti-room, with boxes and trunks, which bore marks of having been rifled, as some of the contents lay on the floor. A lamp, dying in the chimney, shed a feeble beam on a dead or senseless man, who lay across the hearth.

Bounding from Pavillon, like a greyhound from his keeper's leash, and with an effort which almost overthrew him, Quentin sprung through a second and a third room, the last of which seemed to be the bed-room of the Ladies of Croye. No living mortal was to be seen in either of them. He called upon the Lady Isabelle's name, at first gently, then more loudly, and then with an accent of despairing emphasis, but no answer was returned. He wrung his hands, tore his hair, and stamped on the earth with desperation. At length, a feeble glimmer of light, which shone through a crevice in the wainscoating of a dark nook in the bed-room, announced some recess or concealment behind the arras. Quentin hasted



to examine it. He found there was indeed a concealed door, but it resisted his hurried efforts to open it. Heedless of the personal injury he might sustain, he rushed at the door with his whole force and weight of his body; and such was the impetus of an effort made betwixt hope and despair, that it would have burst much stronger fastenings.

He thus forced his way, almost headlong, into a small oratory, where a female figure, which had been kneeling in agonizing supplication before the holy image, now sunk at length on the floor, under the new terrors implied in this approaching tumult. He hastily raised her from the ground, and, joy of joys! it was she whom he sought to save — the Countess Isabelle. He pressed her to his bosom — he conjured her to awake — entreated her to be of good cheer — for that she was now under the protection of one who had heart and hand enough to defend her against armies.

“Durward,” she said, as she at length collected herself, “is it indeed you? — then there is some hope left. I thought all living and mortal friends had left me to my fate — Do not again abandon me.”

“Never — never,” said Durward. “Whatever shall happen — whatever danger shall approach, may I forfeit the benefits purchased by



yonder blessed sign, if I be not the sharer of your fate until it is again a happy one!"

"Very pathetic and touching, truly," said a rough, broken, asthmatic voice behind — "A love affair, I see; and, from my soul, I pity the tender creature, as if she were my own Trudchen."

"You must do more than pity us," said Quentin, turning towards him; "you must assist in protecting us, Meinheer Pavillon. Be assured, this lady was put under my especial charge by your ally the King of France; and if you aid me not to shelter her from every species of offence and violence, your city will lose the favour of Louis of Valois. Above all, she must be guarded from the hands of William de la Marck."

"That will be difficult," said Pavillon, "for these schelms of Lanzknechts are very devils at rummaging out the wenches; but I'll do my best — We will to the other apartment, and there I will consider — It is but a narrow stair, and you can keep the door with a pike, while I look from the window, and get together some of my brisk boys of the currier's guildry of Liege, that are as true as the knives they wear in their girdles. — But first undo me these clasps — for I have not worn this corslet since the battle of Saint Tron; and I am three stone heavier since that time, if there be truth in Dutch beam and scale."

The undoing of the iron enclosure gave great



relief to the honest man, who, in putting it on, had more considered his zeal to the cause of Liege, than his capacity of bearing arms. It afterwards turned out, that being, as it were, borne forward involuntarily, and hoisted over the walls by his company as they thronged to the assault, the magistrate had been carried here and there, as the tide of attack and defence flowed or ebbed, without the power, latterly, of even uttering a word; until, as the sea casts a log of drift-wood ashore in the first creek, he had been ultimately thrown down in the entrance to the Ladies of Croye's apartments, where the incumbrance of his own armour, with the superincumbent weight of two men slain in the entrance, and who fell above him, might have fixed him down long enough, had he not been relieved by Durward.

The same warmth of temper which rendered Hermann Pavillon a hot-headed intemperate zealot in politics, had the more desirable consequence of making him in private a good-tempered, kind-hearted man, who, if sometimes a little misled by vanity, was always well-meaning and benevolent. He told Quentin to have an especial care of the poor pretty *yung frau*; and after this unnecessary exhortation, began to hollo from the window, «Liege, Liege, for the gallant skinner's guild of carriers!»

One or two of his immediate followers collected



at the summons, and at the peculiar whistle with which it was accompanied, (each of the crafts having such a signal among themselves,) and more joining them, established a guard under the window from which their leader was bawling, and before the postern door.

Matters seemed now settling into some sort of tranquillity. All opposition had ceased, and the leaders of different classes were taking measures to prevent indiscriminate plunder. The great bell was tolled as summons to a military council, and its iron tongue communicating to Liege the triumphant possession of Schonwaldt by the insurgents, was answered by all the bells in that city; whose distant and clamorous voices seemed to cry, Hail to the victors. It would have been natural, that Meinheer Pavillon should now have sallied from his fastness; but, either in reverent care of those whom he had taken under his protection, or perhaps for the better assurance of his own safety, he contented himself with dispatching messenger on messenger, to command his Lieutenant, Peterkin Geislaer, to attend him directly.

Peterkin came at length, to his great relief, as being the person upon whom, on all pressing occasions, whether of war, politics, or commerce, Pavillon was most accustomed to repose confidence. He was a stout squat figure, with a square face, and broad black eye-brows, that announced



him no granter of propositions, — and advice-giving countenance, so to speak. He was endued with a buff jerkin, and wore a broad belt and cutlass by his side, and a halberd in his hand.

“Peterkin, my dear lieutenant,” said his commander, “this has been a glorious day — night, I should say — I trust thou art pleased for once?”

“I am well enough pleased that you are so,” said the doughty Lieutenant; “though I should not have thought of your celebrating the victory, if you call it one, up in this garret by yourself, when you are wanted in council.”

“But *am* I wanted there?” said the Syndic.

“Ay, marry are you, to stand up for the rights of Liege, that are in more danger than ever,” answered the Lieutenant.

“Pshaw, Peterkin,” answered his principal, “thou art ever such a frampold grumbler —”

“Grumbler! not I,” said Peterkin; “what pleases other people will always please me. Only I wish we have not got King Stork, instead of King Log, like the fabliau that the Clerk of Saint Lamberts used to read us out of Meister’s *Æsop’s* book.”

“I cannot guess your meaning, Peterkin,” said the Syndic.

“Why then I tell you, Master Pavillon, that this Boar, or Bear, is like to make his own den of Schonwaldt, and ’tis probable to turn out as



bad a neighbour as ever was the old Bishop, and worse. Here has he taken the whole conquest in his own hand, and is only doubting whether he should be called Prince or Bishop; — and it is a shame to see how they have mishandled the old man among them.”

“I will not permit it, Peterkin,” said Pavillon, bustling up; “I disliked the mitre, but not the head that wore it. We are ten to one in the field, Peterkin, and will not permit these courses.”

“Ay, ten to one in the field, but only man to man in the castle; besides that Nikkel Blok, the butcher, and all the rabble of the suburbs, take part with William de la Marck, partly for *saus* and *braus*, (for he has broached all the ale-tubs and wine-casks,) and partly for old envy at us, who are the craftsmen, and have privileges.”

“Peter,” said Pavillon, “we will go presently to the city. I will stay no longer in Schonwaldt.”

“But the bridges are up, master,” said Geislaer — “the gates locked and guarded by these Lanzknechts; and, if we were to try to force our way, these fellows, whose every-day business is war, might make wild work of us, that fight only of a holiday.”

“But why has he secured the gates?” said the alarmed burgher; “or what business hath he to make honest men prisoners?”

“I cannot tell — not I,” said Peter. “Some  
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noise there is about the Ladies of Croye, who have escaped during the storm of the castle. That first put the Man with the Beard beside himself with anger, and now he's beside himself with drink also."

The Burgo-master cast a disconsolate look towards Quentin, and seemed at a loss what to resolve upon. Durward, who had not lost a word of the conversation, which alarmed him very much, saw nevertheless that their only safety depended on his preserving his own presence of mind, and sustaining the courage of Pavillon. He struck boldly into the conversation, as one who had a right to have a voice in the deliberation.—  
 "I am ashamed," he said, "Meinheer Pavillon, to observe you hesitate what to do on this occasion. Go boldly to William de la Marck, and demand to leave the castle, you, your lieutenant, your squire, and your daughter. He can have no pretence for keeping you prisoner."

"For me and my lieutenant — that is myself and Peter? — good — but who is my squire?"

"I am, for the present," replied the undaunted Scot.

"You?" said the embarrassed burgess; "but are you not the envoy of King Louis of France?"

"True, but my message is to the magistrates of Liege — and only in Liege will I deliver it. — Were I to acknowledge my quality before Wil-



liam de la Marck, must I not enter into negotiation with him? — ay, and, it is like, be detained by him. You must get me secretly out of the Castle in the capacity of your squire.”

“Good, my squire; — but you spoke of my daughter — my daughter is, I trust, safe in my house in Liege — where I wish her father was, with all my heart and soul.”

“This lady,” said Durward, “will call you father while we are in this place.”

“And for my whole life afterwards,” said the Countess, throwing herself at the citizen’s feet, and clasping his knees. — “Never shall the day pass in which I will not honour you, love you, and pray for you as a daughter for a father, if you will but aid me in this fearful strait — O be not hard-hearted! think your own daughter may kneel to a stranger, to ask him for life and honour — think of this, and give *me* the protection you would wish *her* to receive!”

“In troth,” said the good citizen, much moved with her pathetic appeal — “I think, Peter, that this pretty maiden hath a touch of our Trudchen’s sweet look, — I thought so from the first; and that this brisk youth here, who is so ready with his advice, is somewhat like Trudchen’s bachelor — I wager a groat, Peter, that this is a true-love matter, and it is a sin not to further it.”

“It were shame and sin both,” said Peter, a



good-natured Fleming, notwithstanding all his self-conceit; and as he spoke, he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his jerkin.

“She *shall* be my daugkter, then,” said Pavillon, “well wrapped up in her black silk veil; and if there are not enough of true-hearted skinners to protect her, being the daughter of their Syndic, it were pity they should ever tug leather more. — But hark ye, — questions must be answered — what should my daughter make here at such an onslaught?”

“What should half the women in Liege make here when they followed us to the castle,” said Peter, “excepting because it was just the place in the world that they should *not* have come to? — Your *yung frau* Trudchen has come a little farther than the rest — that is all.”

“Admirably spoken,” said Quentin; “only be bold, and take this gentleman’s good counsel, noble Meinheer Pavillon, and, at no trouble to yourself, you will do the most worthy action since the days of Charlemagne. — Here, sweet lady, wrap yourself close in this veil, (for many articles of female apparel lay scattered about the apartment,) — be but confident, and a few minutes will place you in freedom and safety. — Noble sir,” he added, addressing Pavillon, “set forward.”

“Hold — hold — hold a minute,” said Pavillon,



“my mind misgives me! — This De la Marck is a fury; a perfect boar in his nature as in his name; what if the young lady be one of those of Croye? — and what if he discover her, and be addicted to wrath?”

“And if I were one of those unfortunate women,” said Isabelle, again attempting to throw herself at his feet, “could you for that reject me in this moment of despair? Oh, that I had been indeed your daughter, or the daughter of the poorest burgher!”

“Not so poor — not so poor neither, young lady — we pay as we go,” said the citizen.

“Forgive me, noble sir,” — again began the unfortunate maiden.

“Not noble, nor sir neither,” said the Syndic; “a plain burgher of Liege, that pays bills of exchange in ready guilders. — But that is nothing to the purpose. — Well, say you *be* a countess, I will protect you nevertheless.”

“You are bound to protect her, were she a duchess,” said Peter, “having once passed your word.”

“Right, Peter, very right, it is our old Low Dutch fashion, *ein wort, ein man*; and now let us to this gear. — We must take leave of this William de la Marck; and yet I know not, my mind misgives me when I think of him; and were



it a ceremony which could be waived, I have no stomach to go through it."

"Were you not better, since you have a force together, make for the gate and force the guard?" said Quentin.

But with united voice, Pavillon and his adviser exclaimed against the propriety of such an attack upon their ally's soldiers. with some hints concerning its rashness, which satisfied Quentin that it was not a risk to be hazarded with such associates. They resolved, therefore, to repair boldly to the great hall of the castle, where, as they understood, the Wild Boar of Ardennes held his feast, and demand free egress for the Syndic of Liege and his company, a request too reasonable, as it seemed, to be denied. Still the good Burgo-master groaned when he looked on his companions, and exclaimed to his faithful Peter, — "See what it is to have too bold and too tender a heart! Alas! Perkin, how much have courage and humanity cost me! and how much may I yet have to pay for my virtues, before Heaven makes us free of this damned Castle of Schonwaldt!"

As they crossed the courts, still strewn with the dying and dead, Quentin, while he supported Isabelle through the scene of horrors, whispered to her courage and comfort, and reminded



her that her safety depended entirely on her firmness and presence of mind.

“Not on mine — not on mine,” she said, “but on yours — on yours only. — O, if I but escape this fearful night, never shall I forget him who saved me! One favour more only, let me implore at your hand, and I conjure you to grant it, by your mother’s fame and your father’s honour!”

“What is it you can ask that I could refuse?” said Quentin, in a whisper.

“Plunge your dagger in my heart,” said she, “rather than leave me captive in the hands of these monsters.”

Quentin’s only answer was a pressure of the young Countess’s hand, which seemed as if, but for terror, it would have returned the caress. And, leaning on her youthful protector, she entered the fearful hall, preceded by Pavillon and his Lieutenant, and followed by a dozen of the Kurschen-schaft, or skinner’s trade, who attended, as a guard of honour, on the Syndic.

As they approached the hall, the yells of acclamation, and bursts of wild laughter, which proceeded from it, seemed rather to announce the revel of festive demons, rejoicing after some accomplished triumph over the human race, than of mortal beings, who had succeeded in a bold design. An emphatic tone of mind, which de-



spair alone could have inspired, supported the assumed courage of the Countess Isabelle; undaunted spirits, which rose with the extremity, maintained that of Durward; while Pavillon and his lieutenant made a virtue of necessity, and endured like bears bound to a stake, which must necessarily stand the dangers of the course.



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## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE REVELLERS.

*Cade. — Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?*

*Dick. — Here, sir.*

*Cade. — They fell before thee like sheep and oxen; and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house.*

### *Second Part of King Henry VI.*

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THERE could hardly exist a more strange and horrible change than had taken place in the castle hall of Schonwaldt since Quentin had partaken of the noontide meal there; and it was indeed one which painted, in the extremity of their dreadful features, the miseries of war — more especially when waged by those most relentless of all agents, the mercenary soldiers of a barbarous age — men, who, by habit and profession, had



become familiarized with all that was cruel and bloody in the profession, while they were devoid alike of patriotism and of the romantic spirit of chivalry, — the peculiar virtues, the former of the bold peasants, who fought in defence of their country, and the latter of the gallant knighthood of the period, who combated for honour and their ladies' love.

Instead of the orderly, decent, and somewhat formal meal, at which civil and ecclesiastical officers had, a few hours before, sat mingled in the same apartment, where a light jest could only be uttered in a whisper, and where even amid superfluity of feasting and of wine, there reigned a decorum which almost amounted to hypocrisy, there was now such a scene of wild and roaring debauchery, as Satan himself, had he taken the chair as founder of the feast, could scarcely have improved.

At the head of the table sat, in the Bishop's throne and state, which had been hastily brought thither from his great council-chamber, the redoubted Boar of Ardennes himself, well deserving that dreaded name, in which he affected to delight, and which he did as much as he could think of to deserve. His head was unhelmeted, but he wore the rest of his ponderous and bright armour, which indeed he rarely laid aside. Over his shoulders hung a strong surcoat, made of the dressed



skin of a huge wild boar, the hoofs being of solid silver, and the tusks of the same. The skin of the head was so arranged, that, drawn over the casque, when the Baron was armed, or over his bare head, in the fashion of a hood, as he often affected when the helmet was laid aside, and as he now wore it, the effect was that of a grimming, ghastly monster; and yet the countenance which it overshadowed scarce required such horrors to improve those which were natural to its ordinary expression.

The upper part of De la Marck's face, as Nature had formed it, almost gave the lie to his character; for though his hair, when uncovered, resembled the rude and wild bristles of the hood he had drawn over it, yet an open, high, and manly forehead, broad ruddy cheeks, large, sparkling, light-coloured eyes, and a nose hooked like the beak of the eagle, promised something valiant and generous; yet the effect of these more favourable traits was entirely overpowered by his habits of violence and insolence, which, joined to debauchery and intemperance, had stamped upon the features a character inconsistent with the rough gallantry which they would otherwise have exhibited. The former had, from habitual indulgence, swoln the muscles of the cheeks, and those around the eyes, in particular the latter; evil practices and habits had dimmed the



eyes themselves, reddened the part of them that should have been white, and given the whole face a hideous resemblance of the monster, which it was the terrible Baron's pleasure to resemble. But from an odd sort of contradiction, De la Marck, while he assumed in other respects the appearance of the Wild Boar, and even seemed pleased with the name, yet endeavoured, by the length and growth of his beard, to conceal the circumstance that had originally procured him that denomination. This was an unusual thickness and projection of the mouth and upper-jaw, which, with the huge projecting side-teeth, gave that resemblance to the bestial creation, which, joined to the delight that De la Marck had in haunting the forest so called, originally procured for him the name of the Boar of Ardennes. The beard, broad, grisly, and uncombed, neither concealed the natural horrors of the countenance, nor dignified its brutal expression.

The soldiers and officers sat around the table, intermixed with the men of Liege, some of them of the very lowest description; among whom Nikkel Blok the butcher, placed near De la Marck himself, was distinguished by his tucked up sleeves, which displayed arms smeared to the elbows with blood, as was the cleaver which lay on the table before him. The soldiers wore, most of them, their beards long and grisly, in



imitation of their leader; had their hair plaited and turned upwards, in the manner that might best improve the natural ferocity of their appearance; and intoxicated, as many of them seemed to be, partly with the sense of triumph, and partly with the long libations of wine which they had been quaffing, presented a spectacle at once hideous and disgusting. The language which they held, and the songs which they sung, without even pretending to pay each other the compliment of listening, were so full of license and blasphemy, that Quentin blessed God that the extremity of the noise prevented them from being intelligible to his companion.

It only remains to say, of the burghers who were associated with William de la Marck's soldiers in this fearful revel, that the wan faces and anxious mien of the greater part shewed that they either disliked their entertainment, or feared their companions; while some of lower education, or a nature more brutal, saw only in the excesses of the soldier a gallant bearing, which they would willingly imitate, and the tone of which they endeavoured to catch so far as was possible, and stimulated themselves to the task, by swallowing immense draughts of wine and *schwarzbier* — indulging a voice which at all times was too common in the Low Countries.

The preparations for the feast had been as dis-



orderly as the quality of the company. The whole of the Bishop's plate — nay, even that belonging to the Church, for the Boar of Ardennes regarded not the imputation of sacrilege — were mingled with black jacks, or huge tankards made of leather, and drinking-horns of the most ordinary description.

One circumstance of horror remains to be added and accounted for; and we willingly leave the rest of the scene to the imagination of the reader. Amidst the wild license assumed by the soldiers of De la Marck, one who was excluded from the table, (a Lanzknecht, remarkable for his courage and for his daring behaviour during the storm of the evening,) had impudently snatched up a large silver goblet, and carried it off, declaring it should atone for his loss of the share of the feast. The leader laughed till his sides shook at a jest so congenial to the character of the company; but when another, less renowned, it would seem, for audacity in battle, ventured on using the same freedom, De la Marck instantly put a check to a jocular practice, which would soon have cleared his table of all the more valuable decorations. — “Ho! by the spirit of the thunder!” he exclaimed, “those who dare not be men when they face the enemy, must not pretend to be thieves among their friends. What! thou frontless dastard thou — thou who didst wait for opened gate and



lowered bridge, when Conrade Horst forced his way over moat and wall, must *thou* be malapert? — Knit him up to the staunchions of the hall-window! — He shall beat time with his feet, while we drink a cup to his safe passage to the devil.”

The doom was scarce sooner pronounced than accomplished; and in a moment the wretch wrestled out his last agonies, suspended from the iron bars. His body still hung there when Quentin and the others entered the hall, and, intercepting the pale moonbeam, threw on the Castle-floor an uncertain shadow, which dubiously, yet fearfully, intimated the nature of the substance that produced it.

When the Syndic Pavillon was announced from mouth to mouth in this tumultuous meeting, he endeavoured to assume, in right of his authority and influence, an air of importance and equality, which a glance at the fearful object at the window, and at the wild scene around him, rendered it very difficult for him to sustain, notwithstanding the exhortations of Peter, who whispered in his ear, with some perturbation, “Up heart, master, or we are but gone men!”

The Syndic maintained his dignity, however, as well as he could, in a short address, in which he complimented the company upon the great victory gained by the soldiers of De la Marck and the good citizens of Liege.



“Ay,” answered De la Marck, sarcastically, “we have brought down the game at last, quoth my lady’s brach to the wolf-hound. But ho! Sir Burgomaster, you come like Mars, with Beauty by your side. Who is this fair one? — Unveil, unveil — no woman calls her beauty her own to-night.”

“It is my daughter, noble leader,” answered Pavillon; “and I am to pray your forgiveness for her wearing a veil. She has a vow for that effect to the Three Blessed Kings.”

“I will absolve her of it presently,” said De la Marck; “for here, with one stroke of a cleaver, will I consecrate myself Bishop of Liege; and I trust one living bishop is worth three dead kings.

There was a shuddering among the guests; for the community of Liege, and even some of the rude soldiers, revered the Kings of Cologne, as they were commonly called, though they respected nothing else.

“Nay, I mean no treason against their defunct majesties,” said De la Marck; “only bishop I am determined to be. A prince both secular and ecclesiastical, having power to bind and loose, will best suit a band of reprobates such as you, to whom no one else would give absolution. — But come hither, noble Burgomaster — sit beside me, when you shall see me make a va-



cancy for my own preferment. — Bring in our predecessor in the holy seat.”

A bustle took place in the hall, while Pavillon, excusing himself from the proffered seat of honour, placed himself near the bottom of the table, his followers keeping close behind him, not unlike a flock of sheep which may be sometimes seen to assemble in the rear of an old bell-wether, who is, from office and authority, judged by them to have rather more courage than themselves. Near the spot sat a veay handsome lad, a natural son, as was said, of the ferocious De la Marck, and concerning whom he sometimes shewed affection, and even tenderness. The mother of the boy, a beautiful concubine, had perished by a blow dealt her by the ferocious leader in a fit of drunkenness or jealousy; and her fate had caused her tyrant as much remorse as he was capable of feeling. His attachment to the surviving orphan might be partly owing to these circumstances. Quentin, who had learned this point of the leader's character from the old priest, planted himself as close as he could to the youth in question; determined to make, in some way or other, either a hostage or a protector, should other means of safety fail them.

While all stood in a kind of suspense, waiting the event of the orders which the tyrant had issued, one of Pavillon's followers whispered Peter,



“Did not our master call that wench his daughter? — Why, it cannot be our Trudchen. This strapping lass is taller by two inches; and there is a black lock of hair peeps forth yonder from under her veil. By Saint Michael of the Market-place, you might as well call a black bullock’s hide a white heifer’s!

“Hush! hush!” said Peter, with some presence of mind — “What if our master hath a mind to steal a piece of doe-venison out of the Bishop’s park here, without our good dame’s knowledge? And is it for thee or me to be a spy on him?”

“That will not I, brother, answered the other, though I would not have thought of his turning deer-stealer at his years. Sapperment — what a shy fairy it is! See how she crouches down on yonder seat, behind folk’s backs, to escape the graze of the Marckers. — But hold, hold; what are they about to do with the poor old Bishop?”

As he spoke, the Bishop of Liege, Louis of Bourbon, was dragged into the hall of his own palace by the brutal soldiery. The dishevelled state of his hair, beard, and attire, bore witness to the ill-treatment he had already received; and some of his sacerdotal robes hastily flung over him, appeared to have been put on in scorn and ridicule of his quality and character. By good fortune, as Quentin was compelled to think it, the



Countess Isabelle, whose feelings at seeing her protector in such an extremity might have betrayed her own secret and compromised her safety, was so situated as neither to hear nor see what was about to take place; and Durward sedulously interposed his own person before her, so as to keep her from observing alike, and from observation.

The scene which followed was short and fearful. When the unhappy Prelate was brought before the footstool of the savage leader, although in former life only remarkable for his easy and good-natured temper, he shewed in this extremity a sense of his dignity and noble blood, well becoming the high race from which he was descended. His look was composed and undismayed: his gesture, when the rude hands which dragged him forward were unloosed, was noble, and at the same time resigned, somewhat between the bearing of a feudal noble and of a Christian martyr; and so much was even De la Marck himself staggered by the firm demeanour of his prisoner, and recollection of the early benefits he had received from him, that he seemed irresolute, cast down his eyes, and it was not until he had emptied a large goblet of wine, that, resuming his haughty insolence of look and manner, he thus addressed his unfortunate captive:—“Louis of Bourbon,” said the truculent soldier, drawing hard his breath,



clenching his hands, setting his teeth, and using the other mechanical actions to rouse up and sustain his native ferocity of temper — “I sought your friendship, and you rejected mine. What would you now give that it had been otherwise? — Nikkel, be ready.”

The butcher rose, seized his weapon, and stealing round behind De la Marck’s chair, stood with it uplifted in his bare and sinewy arms.

“Look at that man, Louis of Bourbon,” said De la Marck again — “What terms wilt thou now offer, to escape this dangerous hour?”

The Bishop cast a melancholy but unshaken look upon the grisly satellite, who seemed prepared to execute the will of the tyrant, and then he said with firmness, “Hear me, William de la Marck; and good men all, if there be any here who deserve that name, hear the only terms I can offer to this ruffian. — William de la Marck, thou hast stirred up to sedition an imperial city — hast assaulted and taken the palace of a Prince of the Holy German Empire — slain his people — plundered his goods — maltreated his person; — for this thou art liable to the Ban of the Empire — hast deserved to be declared outlawed and fugitive, landless and rightless. Thou hast done more than all this. More than mere human laws hast thou broken — more than mere human vengeance hast thou deserved. Thou hast broken into the sanc-



tuary of the Lord — laid violent hands upon a Father of the Church — defiled the house of God with blood and rapine, like a sacrilegious robber — — ”

“Hast thou yet done?” said De la Marck, fiercely interrupting him, and stamping with his foot.

“No,” answered the Prelate, “for I have not yet told thee the terms which you demanded to hear from me.”

“Go on,” said De la Marck; “and let the terms please me better than the preface, or woe to thy grey head!” And flinging himself back in his seat, he grinded his teeth, till the foam flew from his lips, as from the tusks of the savage animal whose name and spoils he wore.

“Such are thy crimes,” resumed the Bishop, with calm determination; “now hear the terms, which, as a merciful Prince and a Christian Prelate, setting aside all personal offence, forgiving each peculiar injury, I condescend to offer. Fling down thy leading-staff — renounce thy command — unbind thy prisoners — restore thy spoil — distribute what else thou hast of goods, to relieve those whom thou hast made orphans and widows — array thyself in sackcloth and ashes — take a palmer’s staff in thy hand, and go on pilgrimage to Rome, and we will ourselves be intercessors for thee with the Imperial Chamber at Ratishon for



thy life, with our Holy Father the Pope for thy miserable soul."

While Louis of Bourbon proposed these terms, in a tone as decided as if he still occupied his episcopal throne, and as if the usurper kneeled a suppliant at his feet, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair; the amasement with which he was at first filled giving way gradually to rage, until, as the Bishop ceased, he looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his finger, without speaking a word. The ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the common shambles, and the murdered Bishop sunk, without a groan, at the foot of his own episcopal throne. The Liegeois, who were not prepared for so horrible a catastrophe, and who had expected to hear the conference end in some terms of accommodation, started up unanimously, with cries of execration, mingled with shouts of vengeance.

But William de la Marck, raising his tremendous voice above the tumult, and shaking his clenched hand and extended arm, shouted aloud, "How now, ye porkers of Liege! ye wallowers in the mud of the Maes! — do ye dare to mate yourselves with the Wild Boar of Ardennes? — Up, ye Boar's brood! (an expression by which he himself, and others, often designated his soldiers,) let these Flemish hogs see your tusks!"

Every one of his followers started up at the



command, and mingled as they were among their late allies, prepared too for such a surprisal, each had, in an instant, his next neighbour by the collar, while his right hand brandished a broad dagger, that glimmered against lamplight and moonshine. Every arm was uplifted, but no one struck; for the victims were too much surprised for resistance, and it was probably the object of De la Marck only to impose terror on his civic confederates.

But the courage of Quentin Durward, prompt and alert in resolution beyond his years, and stimulated at the moment by all that could add energy to his natural shrewdness and resolution, gave a new turn to the scene. Imitating the action of the followers of De la Marck, he sprung on Carl Eberson, the son of their leader, and mastering him with ease, held his dirk at the boy's throat, while he exclaimed, "Is that your game? then here I play my part."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed De la Marck, "it is a jest—a jest!—Think you I would injure my good friends and allies of the city of Liege?—Soldiers, unloose your holds; sit down; take away the carrion, (giving the Bishop's corpse a thrust with his foot,) which hath caused this strife among friends, and let us drown unkindness in a fresh carouse."

All unloosened their holds, and the citizens



and soldiers stood gazing on each other, as if they scarce knew whether they were friends or foes. Quentin Durward took advantage of the moment.

“Hear me,” he said, “William de la Marck, and you, burghers and citizens of Liege; — and do you, young sir, stand still, (for the boy Carl was attempting to escape from his gripe;) no harm shall befall you, unless another of these sharp jests shall pass round.”

“Who art thou, in the fiend’s name,” said the astonished De la Marck, “who art come to hold terms and take hostages from us in our own lair — from us, who exact pledges from others, but yield them to no one?”

“I am a servant of King Louis of France,” said Quentin, boldly; “an Archer of his Scottish Guard, as my language and dress may partly tell you. I am here to behold and to report your proceedings; and I see with wonder, that they are those of heathens, rather than Christians — of madmen, rather than men possessed of reason. The hosts of Charles of Burgundy will be instantly in motion against you all, and if you wish assistance from France, you must conduct yourself in a different manner. — For you, men of Liege, I advise your instant return to your own city; and if there is any obstruction offered to your departure, I denounce those by whom



it is so offered, foes to my master, his Most Christian Majesty of France."

"France and Liege! France and Liege!" cried the followers of Pavillon, and several other citizens, whose courage began to rise at the bold language held by Quentin.

"France and Liege, and long live the gallant Archer! We will live and die with him!"

William de la Marck's eyes sparkled, and he grasped his dagger as if about to launch it at the heart of the audacious speaker; but glancing his eye around, he read something in the looks of his soldiers, which even *he* was obliged to respect. Many of them were Frenchmen, and all of them knew the private support which William had received, both in men and in money, from that kingdom; nay, some of them were rather startled at the violent and sacrilegious action which had been just committed. The name of Charles of Burgundy, a person likely to resent to the utmost the deeds of that night, and the extreme impolicy of at once quarrelling with the Liegeois and provoking the Monarch of France, made an appalling impression on their minds, confused as their intellects were. De la Marck, in short, saw he would not be supported, even by his own band, in any further act of violence, and relaxing the terrors of his brow and eye, declared that "he had not the least design against his good friends



of Liege, all of whom were at liberty to depart from Schonwaldt at their pleasure; although he had hoped they would revel one night with him, at least, in honour of their victory." He added, with more calmness than he commonly used, that "he would be ready to enter into negotiation concerning the partition of spoil, and the arrangement of measures for their mutual defence, either the next day, or as soon after as they would. Meantime, he trusted that the Scottish gentleman would honour his feast by remaining all night at Schonwaldt."

The young Scot returned his thanks, but said, his motions must be determined by those of Pavillon, to whom he was directed particularly to attach himself; but that, unquestionably, he would attend him on his next return to the quarters of the valiant William de la Marck.

"If you depend on my motions," said Pavillon, hastily, "you are likely to quit Schonwaldt without an instant's delay; — and, if you do not come back to Schonwaldt, save in my company, you are not likely to see it again in a hurry."

This last part of the sentence the honest citizen muttered to himself, afraid of the consequences of giving audible vent to feelings, which, nevertheless, he was unable altogether to suppress.

"Keep close about me, my brisk Kurschner



lads," he said to his body-guard, "and we will get as fast as we can out of this den of thieves."

Most of the better classes of the Liegeois seemed to entertain similar opinions; with the Syndic, and there was not so much joy amongst them at the obtaining possession of Schonwaldt, as now seemed to arise from the prospect of getting safe out of it. They were suffered to leave the castle without opposition of any kind; and glad was Quentin when he turned his back on those formidable walls.

For the first time since they had entered that dreadful hall, Quentin ventured to ask the young Countess how she did.

"Well, well," she answered, in feverish haste, "excellently well — do not stop to ask a question; let us not lose an instant in words — Let us fly — let us fly!"

She endeavoured to mend her pace as she spoke; but with so little success, that she must have fallen from exhaustion, had not Durward supported her. With the tenderness of a mother, when she conveys her infant out of danger, the young Scot raised his precious charge in his arms; and, while she encircled his neck with one arm, lost to every other thought save the desire of escaping, he would not have wished one of the risks of the night unencountered, since such had been the conclusion.



The honest burgo-master was, in his turn, supported and dragged forward by his faithful counsellor Peter, and another of his clerks; and thus, in breathless haste, they reached the banks of the river, encountering many strolling bands of citizens, who were eager to know the event of the siege, and the truth of certain rumours already afloat, that the conquerors had quarrelled among themselves.

Evading their curiosity as they best could, the exertions of Peter and some of his companions at length procured a boat for the use of the company, and with it an opportunity of enjoying some repose, equally welcome to Isabelle, who continued to lie almost motionless in the arms of her deliverer, and to the worthy burgo-master, who, after delivering a broken string of thanks to Durward, whose mind was at the time too much occupied to answer him, began a long harangue, which he addressed to Peter, upon his own courage and benevolence, and the dangers to which these virtues had exposed him, on this and other occasions.

«Peter, Peter,” he said, resuming the complaint of the preceding evening; «if I had not had a bold heart, I would never have stood out against paying the burghers-twentieths, when every other living soul was willing to pay the same.—Ay, and then a less stout heart had not



seduced me into that other battle of Saint Tron, where a Hainault man-at-arms thrust me into a muddy ditch with his lance, which neither heart nor hand that I had could help me out of, till the battle was over. — Ay, and then, Peter, my courage seduced me, moreover, into too straight a corslet, which would have been the death of me, but for this gallant young gentleman, whose trade is fighting, whereof I wish him heartily joy. And then for my tenderness of heart, Peter, it has made a poor man of me — that is, it would have made a poor man of me, if I had not been tolerably well to pass in this wicked world; — and, Heaven knows, what trouble it is like to bring on me yet, with ladies, and countesses, and keeping of secrets, which, for aught I know, may cost me half my fortune, and my neck into the bargain!”

Quentin could remain no longer silent, but assured him, that whatever danger or damage he should incur on the part of the young lady now under his protection, should be thankfully acknowledged, and as far as was possible repaid.

“I thank you, young Master Squire Archer, I thank you,” answered the citizen of Liege; “but who was it told you that I desired any repayment at your hand, for doing the duty of an honest man? I only regretted that it might cost me so and so; and I hope I may have leave to



say so much to my lieutenant, without either grudging my loss or my peril."

Quentin accordingly concluded that his present friend was one of the numerous class of benefactors to others, who take out their reward in grumbling, without meaning more than, by shewing their grievances, to exalt a little the idea of the valuable service by which they have incurred them, and therefore prudently remained silent, and suffered the Syndic to maunder on to his lieutenant concerning the risk and the loss he had encountered by his zeal for the public good, and his disinterested services to individuals, until they reached his own habitation.

The truth was, that the honest citizen felt that he had lost a little consequence, by suffering the young stranger to take the lead at the crisis which had occurred at the castle-hall of Schonwaldt; and however delighted with the effect of Durward's interference at the moment, it seemed to him, on reflection, that he had sustained a diminution of importance, for which he endeavoured to obtain compensation, by exaggerating the claims which he had upon the gratitude of his country in general, his friends in particular, and more especially still, on the Countess of Croye, and her youthful protector.

But when the boat stopped at the bottom of his garden, and he had got himself assisted on



shore by peter, it seemed as if the touch of his own threshold had at once dissipated those feelings of wounded self-opinion and jealousy, and converted the discontented and obscured demagogue into the honest, kind, hospitable, and friendly host. He called loudly for Trudchen, who presently appeared; for fear and anxiety would permit few within the walls of Liege to sleep during that eventful night. She was charged to pay the utmost attention to the care of the beautiful and half-fainting stranger; and admiring her personal charms, while she pitied her distress, Gertrude discharged the hospitable duty with the zeal and affection of a sister.

Late as it now was, and fatigued as the Syndic appeared, Quentin, on his side, had difficulty to escape a flask of choice and costly wine, as old as the battle of Azincour; and must have submitted to take his share, however unwilling, but for the appearance of the mother of the family, whom Pavillon's loud summons for the keys of the cellar brought forth from her bed-room. She was a jolly little round-about woman, who had been pretty in her time, but whose principal characteristics for several years had been a red and sharp nose, a shrill voice, and a determination that the Syndic, in consideration of the authority which he exercised when abroad, should remain under the rule of due discipline at home.



So soon as she understood the nature of the debate between her husband and his guest, she declared roundly, that the former, instead of having occasion for more wine, had got too much already; and far from using, in furtherance of his request, any of the huge bunch of keys which hung by a silver chain at her waist, she turned her back on him without ceremony, and ushered Quentin to the neat and pleasant apartment in which he was to spend the night, amid such appliances to rest and comfort as probably he had till that moment been entirely a stranger to; so much did the wealthy Flemings excel, not merely the poor and rude Scots, but the French themselves, in all the conveniences of domestic life.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE FLIGHT.

——— *Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them.*

\* \* \* \* \*

——— *Set on your foot;  
And, with a heart new fired, I follow you,  
To do I know not what.*

*Julius Cæsar.*

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IN spite of a mixture of joy and fear, doubt, anxiety, and other agitating passions, the exhausting fatigues of the preceding day were powerful enough to throw the young Scot into a deep and profound repose, which lasted until late on the day following; when his worthy host en-

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tered the apartment, with looks of care on his brow.

He seated himself by his guest's bedside, and began a long and complicated discourse upon the domestic duties of a married life, and especially upon the awful power and right supremacy which it became married men to sustain in all differences of opinion with their wives. Quentin listened with some anxiety. He knew that husbands, like other belligerent powers, were sometimes disposed to sing *Te Deum*, rather to conceal a defeat than to celebrate a victory; and he hastened to probe the matter more closely, by "hoping their arrival had been attended with no inconvenience to the good lady of the household."

"Inconvenience! — no," answered the burgo-master — "No woman can be less taken unawares than Mother Mabel — always happy to see her friends — always a clean lodging and a handsome meal ready for them, with God's blessing on bed and board — No woman on earth so hospitable — only 'tis pity her temper is something particular."

"Our residence here is disagreeable to her, in short?" said the Scot, starting out of bed, and beginning to dress himself hastily. "Were I but sure the Lady Isabelle were fit for travel after the horrors of the last night, we would not



increase the offence by remaining here an instant longer."

"Nay," said Pavillon, "that is just what the young lady herself said to Mother Mabel; and truly I wish you saw the colour that came to her face as she said it — a milk-maid that has skated five miles to market against the frost wind is a lily compared to it — I do not wonder Mother Mabel may be a little jealous, poor dear soul."

"Has the Lady Isabelle then left her apartment?" said the youth, continuing his toilette operations with more dispatch than before.

"Yes," replied Pavillon; "and she expects your approach with much impatience, to determine which way you shall go — since you are both determined on going. — But I trust you will tarry breakfast?"

"Why did you not tell me this sooner?" said Durward, impatiently.

"Softly — softly," said the Syndic; "I have told it you too soon, I think, if it puts you into such a hasty fluster. Now I have some more matter for your ear, if I saw you had some patience to listen to me."

"Speak it, worthy sir, as soon and as fast as you can — I listen devoutly."



“Well, then,” resumed the burgo-master, “I have but one word to say, and that is, that Trudchen, who is as sorry to part with yonder pretty lady as if she had been some sister of her’s, wants you to take some other disguise; for there is word in the town that the Ladies of Croye travel the country in pilgrim’s dresses, attended by a French life-guardsman of the Scottish Archers; and it is said one of them was brought into Schonwaldt last night by a Bohemian after we had left it; and it was said still farther, that he had assured William de la Marck that you were charged with no message either to him or to the good people of Liege, and that you had stolen away the young Countess, and travelled with her as her paramour. And all this news hath come from Schonwaldt this morning; and it has been told to us and the other councillors, who know not well what to advise; for though our own opinion is that William de la Marck has been a thought too rough both with the Bishop and with ourselves, yet there is a great belief that he is a good-natured soul at bottom — that is, when he is sober — and that he is the only leader in the world to command us against the Duke of Burgundy; — and, in truth, as matters stand, it is partly my own mind that we must keep fair with him, for we have gone too far to draw back.”

“Your daughter advises well,” said Quentin



Durward, abstaining from reproaches or exhortations, which he saw would be alike unavailing to sway a resolution, which had been adopted by the worthy magistrate in compliance at once with the prejudices of his party and the inclination of his wife — “Your daughter counsels well — We must part in disguise, and that instantly. We may, I trust, rely upon you for the necessary secrecy, and for the means of escape?”

“With all my heart — with all my heart,” said the honest citizen, who, not much satisfied with the dignity of his own conduct, was eager to find some mode of atonement. “I cannot but remember that I owed you my life last night, both for unclasping that accursed steel doublet, and helping me through the other scrape, which was worse, for yonder Boar and his brood look more like devils than men. So I will be true to you as blade to shaft, as our cutless say, who are the best in the whole world. Nay, now you are ready, come this way — you shall see how far I can trust you.”

The Syndic led him from the chamber in which he had slept to his own counting-room, in which he transacted his affairs of business; and after bolting the door, and casting a piercing and careful eye around him, he opened a concealed and vaulted closet behind the tapestry, in which stood



more than one iron chest. He proceeded to open one which was full of guilders, and placed it at Quentin's discretion, to take whatever sum he might think necessary for his companion's expences and his own.

As the money with which Quentin was furnished on leaving Plessis was now nearly expended, he hesitated not to accept the sum of two hundred guilders; and by doing so took a great weight from the mind of Pavillon, who considered the desperate transaction in which he thus voluntarily became the creditor, as an atonement for the breach of hospitality which various considerations in a great measure compelled him to commit.

Having carefully locked his treasure-chamber, the wealthy Fleming next conveyed his guest to the parlour, where, in full possession of her activity of mind and body, though pale from the scenes of the preceding night, he found the Countess attired in the fashion of a Flemish maiden of the middling class. No other was present excepting Trudchen, who was sedulously employed in completing the Countess's dress, and instructing her how to bear herself. She extended her hand to him, which, when he had reverently kissed, she said to him, "Seignor Quentin, we must leave our friends here, unless I would bring



on them a part of the misery which has pursued me ever since my father's death. You must change your dress and go with me, unless you also are tired of befriending a being so unfortunate."

"I! — I tired of being your attendant! — To the end of the earth will I guard you! But you — you yourself — are you equal to the task you undertake? — Can you, after the terrors of last night —"

"Do not recall them to my memory," answered the Countess; "I remember but the confusion of a horrid dream. — Has the excellent Bishop escaped?"

"I trust he is in freedom," said Quentin, making a sign to Pavillon, who seemed about to enter on the dreadful narrative, to be silent.

"Is it possible for us to rejoin him? — Hath he gathered any power?" said the lady.

"His only hopes are in heaven," said the Scot; "but wherever you wish to go, I stand by your side, a determined guide and guard."

"We will consider," said Isabelle; and after a moment's pause, she added, "A convent would be my choice, but that I fear it would prove a weak defence against those who pursue me."

"Hem! hem!" said the Syndic; "I could not well recommend a convent within the district of



Liege; because the Boar of Ardennes, though in the main a brave leader, a trusty confederate, and a well-wisher to our city, has, nevertheless, rough humours, and payeth on the whole little regard to cloisters, convents, nunneries, and the like. Men say that there are a score of nuns — that is, such as were nuns — who march always with his company.”

“Get yourself in readiness hastily, Seigneur Durward,” said Isabelle, interrupting this detail, “since to your faith I must needs commit myself.”

No sooner had the Syndic and Quentin left the room, than Isabelle began to ask at Gertrude various questions concerning the roads, and so forth, with such clearness of spirit and pertinence, that the latter could not help exclaiming, “Lady, I wonder at you! — I have heard of masculine firmness, but yours appears to me more than belongs to humanity.”

“Necessity,” answered the Countess — “necessity, my friend, is the mother of courage, as of invention. No long time since, I fainted when I saw a drop of blood shed from a trifling cut — I have since seen life-blood flow around me, I may say, in waves, yet I have retained my senses and my self-possession. — Do not think it was



an easy task," she added, laying on Gertrude's arm a trembling hand, although she still spoke with a firm voice; "the little world within me is like a garrison besieged by a thousand foes, whom nothing but the most determined resolution can keep from storming it on every hand, and at every moment. Were my situation one whit less perilous than it is — were I not sensible that my only chance to escape a fate more horrible than death, is to retain my recollection and self-possession — Gertrude, I would at this moment throw myself into your arms, and relieve my bursting bosom by such a transport of tears and sorrow, as never rushed from a breaking heart!"

"Do not do so, lady!" said the sympathizing Fleming; "take courage, tell your beads, throw yourself on the care of Heaven; and surely, if ever Heaven sent a deliverer to one ready to perish, that bold and adventurous young gentleman must be designed for yours. There is one, too," she added, blushing deeply, "in whom I have some interest. Say nothing to my father; but I have ordered my bachelor, Hans Clover, to wait for you at the eastern gate, and never to see my face more, unless he brings word that he has guided you safe from the territory."

To kiss her tenderly was the only way in which the young Countess could express her thanks to the



frank and kind-hearted city-maiden, who returned the embrace affectionately, and added, with a smile, «Nay, if two maidens and their devoted bachelors cannot succeed in a disguise and an escape, the world is changed from what I am told it wont to be.”

A part of this speech again called the colour into the Countess's pale cheeks, which was not lessened by Quentin's sudden appearance. He entered completely attired as a Flemish boor of the better class, in the holiday suit of Peter, who expressed his interest in the young Scot by the readiness with which he parted with it for his use; and swore, at the same time, that, were he to be curried and tugged worse than ever was bullock's hide, they should make nothing out of him, to the betraying of the young folks. Two stout horses had been provided by the activity of Mother Mabel, who really desired the Countess and her attendant no harm, so that she could make her own house and family clear of the dangers which might attend upon harbouring them. She beheld them mount and go off with great satisfaction, after telling them that they would find their way to the east gate by keeping their eye on Peter, who was to walk in that direction as their guide, but without holding any visible communication with them.



The instant her guests had departed, Mother Mabel took the opportunity to read a long practical lecture to Trudchen upon the folly of reading romances, whereby the flaunting ladies of the court were grown so bold and venturous, that, instead of applying to learn some honest housewifery, they must ride, forsooth, a damsel-erranting through the country, with no better attendant than some idle squire, debauched page, or rakehelly archer from foreign parts, to the great danger of their health, the impoverishing of their substance, and the irreparable prejudice of their reputation.

All this Gertrude heard in silence, and without reply; but, considering her character, it might be doubted whether she derived from it the practical inference which it was her mother's purpose to enforce.

Meantime, the travellers had gained the eastern gate of the city, traversing crowds of people, who were fortunately too much busied in the political events and rumours of the hour, to give any attention to a couple who had so little to render their appearance remarkable. They passed the guards in virtue of a permission obtained for them by Pavillon, but in the name of his colleague Rouslaer, and they took leave of Peter



Geislaer with a friendly, though brief, exchange of good wishes on either side. Immediately afterwards, they were joined by a stout young man, riding a good grey horse, who presently made himself known as Hans Glover, the bachelor of Trudchen Pavillon. He was a young fellow with a good Flemish countenance — not, indeed, of the most intellectual cast, but arguing more hilarity and good-humour than wit, and, as the Countess could not help thinking, scarce worthy to be bachelor to the generous Trudchen. He seemed, however, fully desirous to second the views which she had formed in their favour; for, saluting them respectfully, he asked of the Countess in Flemish, on which road she desired to be conducted?

“Guide me,” said she, “towards the nearest town on the frontiers of Brabant.”

“You have then settled the end and object of your journey?” said Quentin, approaching his horse to that of Isabelle, and speaking French, which their guide did not understand.

“Surely,” replied the young lady; “for, situated as I now am, it must be of no small detriment to me if I were to prolong a journey in my present circumstances, even though the termination should be a rigorous prison.”



« A prison ? » said Quentin.

« Yes, my friend, a prison; but I will take care that you shall not share it. »

« Do not talk — do not think of me, » said Quentin. « Saw I you but safe, my own concerns are little worth minding. »

« Do not speak so loud, » said the Lady Isabelle; « you will surprise our guide — you see he has already rode on before us; » — for, in truth, the good-natured Fleming, doing as he desired to be done by, had removed from them the constraint of a third person upon Quentin's first motion towards the lady. — « Yes, » she continued, when she noticed they were free from observation, « to you, my friend, my protector — why should I be ashamed to call you what Heaven has made you to me — to you it is my duty to say, that my resolution is taken to return to my native country, and to throw myself on the mercy of the Duke of Burgundy. It was mistaken, though well-meant advice, which induced me ever to withdraw from his protection, and place myself under that of the crafty and false Louis of France. »

« And you resolve to become the bride, then, of the Count of Campo-basso, the unworthy favourite of Charles ? »



Thus spoke Quentin, with a voice in which internal agony struggled with his desire to assume an indifferent tone, like that of the poor condemned criminal, when, affecting a firmness which he is far from feeling, he asks if the death-warrant be arrived.

«No, Durward, no,” said the Lady Isabelle, sitting up erect in her saddle, «to that hated condition all Burgundy’s power shall not sink a daughter of the House of Croye. Burgundy may seize on my lands and fiefs, he may imprison my person in a convent; but that is the worst I have to expect; and worse than that I will endure ere I give my hand to Campo-basso.”

«The worst!” said Quentin; «and what worse can there be than plunder and imprisonment? — Oh, think, while you have God’s free air around you, and one by your side who will hazard life to conduct you to England, to Germany, even to Scotland, in all of which you would find generous protectors — O, while this is the case, do not resolve so rashly to abandon the means of liberty, the best gift that Heaven gives! — O, well sung a poet of my own land —

«Ah, Freedom is a noble thing —  
Freedom makes man to have liking —



Freedom the zest to pleasure gives —  
 He lives at ease who freely lives.  
 Grief, sickness, poortith, want, are all  
 Summ'd up within the name of thrall."

She listened with a melancholy smile to her guide's tirade in praise of liberty; and then answered, after a moment's pause, "Freedom is for man alone — woman must ever seek a protector, since nature made her incapable to defend herself. And were am I to find one? — In the voluptuary Edward of England — in the inebriated Wenceslaus of Germany — in Scotland? — Ah, Durward, were I your sister, and could you promise me shelter in some of those mountain-glens which you love to describe, where, for charity, or for the few jewels I have preserved, I might lead an unharassed life, and forget the lot I was born to — Could you promise me the protection of some honoured matron of the land — of some baron whose heart was as true as his sword — that were indeed a prospect, for which it were worth the risk of farther censure to wander farther and wider!"

There was a faltering tenderness of voice, with which the Countess Isabelle made this admission, that at once filled Quentin with a sensation of joy, and cut him to the very heart. He



hesitated a moment ere he made an answer, hastily reviewing in his mind the possibility there might be that he could procure her shelter in Scotland; but the melancholy truth rushed on him, that it would be alike base and cruel to point out to her a course, which he had not the most distant power or means to render safe. "Lady," he said at last, "I should act foully against my honour and oath of chivalry, did I suffer you to ground any plan upon the thoughts that I have the power in Scotland to afford you other protection, than that of the poor arm which is now by your side. I scarce know that my blood flows in the veins of an individual who now lives in my native land. The Knight of Innerquharity stormed our castle at midnight, and cut off all that belonged to my name. Were I again in Scotland, our feudal enemies are numerous and powerful, I single and weak; and even had the King a desire to do me justice, he dared not, for the sake of redressing the wrongs of a poor individual, provoke a chief who rides with five hundred horse."

"Alas!" said the Countess, "there is then no corner of the world safe from oppression, since it rages as unrestrained amongst those wild hills which afford so few objects to covet, as in our rich and abundant Lowlands?"



“It is a sad truth, and I dare not deny it,” said the Scot, “that, for little more than the pleasure of revenge and the lust of bloodshed, our hostile clans do the work of executioners on each other; and Ogilvies and the like act the same scenes in Scotland, as De la Marck and his robbers do in this country.”

“No more of Scotland, then,” said Isabelle, with a tone of indifference, either real or affected — “no more of Scotland, — which indeed I mentioned but in jest, to see if you really dared recommend to me, as a place of rest, the most distracted kingdom in Europe. It was but a trial of your sincerity, which I rejoice to see may be relied on, even when your partialities are most strongly excited. So, once more, I will think of no other protection than can be afforded by the first honourable baron holding of Duke Charles, to whom I am determined to render myself.”

“But why not rather betake yourself to your own estates, and to your own strong castle, as you designed when at Tours?” said Quentin. “Why not call around you the vassals of your father, and make treaty with Burgundy, rather than surrender yourself to him? Surely there must be many a bold heart that would fight in your cause; and I know at least of one, who would willingly lay down his life to give example.”



“Alas!” said the Countess, “that scheme, the suggestion of the crafty Louis, and, like all which he ever suggested, designed more for his advantage than for mine, has become impracticable, since it was betrayed to Burgundy by the double traitor Zamet Hayraddin. My kinsman was then imprisoned, and my houses garrisoned. Any attempt of mine would but expose my vassals to the vengeance of Duke Charles; and why should I occasion more bloodshed than has already taken place on so worthless an account? No, I will submit myself to my Sovereign as a dutiful vassal, in all which shall leave my personal freedom of choice uninfringed; the rather that I trust my kinswoman, the Countess Hameline, who first counselled, and indeed urged my flight, has already taken this wise and honourable step.”

“Your kinswoman!” repeated Quentin, awakened to recollections to which the young Countess was a stranger, and which the rapid succession of perilous and stirring events, had, as matters of nearer concern, in fact banished from his memory.

“Ay — my cousin — the Countess Hameline of Croye — know you aught of her?” said the Countess Isabelle; “I trust she is now under the protection of the Burgundian banner. You are silent. Know you aught of her?”



The last question, urged in a tone of the most anxious inquiry, obliged Quentin to give some account of what he knew of the Countess's fate. He mentioned, that he had been summoned to attend her in a flight from Liege, which he had no doubt the Lady Isabelle would be partaker in — he mentioned the discovery that had been made after they had gained the forest — and finally, he told his own return to the castle, and the circumstances in which he found it. But he said nothing of the views with which it was plain the Lady Hameline had left the Castle of Schonwaldt, and as little about the floating report of her having fallen into the hands of William de la Marck. Delicacy prevented his even hinting at the one, and regard for the feelings of his companion, at a moment when strength and exertion were most demanded of her, prevented him from alluding to the latter, which had, besides, only reached him as mere rumour.

This tale, though abridged of those important particulars, made a strong impression on the Countess Isabelle, who, after riding some time in silence, said at last, with a tone of cold displeasure, « And so you abandoned my unfortunate relative in a wild forest, at the mercy of a vile Bohemian and a traitorous waiting-woman? — Poor



kinswoman, thou wert wont to praise this youth's good faith!"

"Had I not done so, madam," said Quentin, not unreasonably offended at the turn thus given to his gallantry, "what had been the fate of one to whose service I was far more devotedly bound? Had I *not* left the Countess Hameline of Croye to the charge of those whom she had herself selected as counsellors and advisers, the Countess Isabelle had been ere now the bride of William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardennes."

"You are right," said the Countess Isabelle, in her usual manner; "and I, who have the advantage of your unhesitating devotion, have done you foul and ungrateful wrong. But oh, my unhappy kinswoman! and the wretch Marthon, who enjoyed so much of her confidence and deserved it so little — it was she that introduced to my kinswoman the wretched Zamet and Hayradin Maugrabin, who, by their pretended knowledge in soothsaying and astrology, obtained a great ascendancy over her mind; it was she who, strengthening their predictions, encouraged her in — I know not what to call them — delusions concerning matches and lovers, which my cousin's age rendered ungraceful and improbable. I doubt not that, from the beginning, we had been surrounded by these snares by Louis of France, in



order to determine us to take refuge at his court, or rather to put ourselves into his power; after which rash act on our part, how unkingly, un-knightly, ignoble, ungentlemanly-like, he hath conducted himself towards us, you, Quentin Durward, can bear witness. But alas! my kinswoman — what think you will be her fate?"

Endeavouring to inspire hopes which he scarce felt, Durward answered, that the avarice of these people was stronger than any other passion; that Marthon, even when he left them, seemed to act rather as the Lady Hameline's protectress; and, in fine, that it was difficult to conceive any object these wretches could accomplish by the ill-usage or murder of the Countess, whereas they might be gainers by treating her well, and putting her to ransom.

To lead the Countess Isabelle's thoughts from this melancholy subject, Quentin frankly told her the treachery of the Maugrabin, which he had discovered in the night-quarter near Namur, and which appeared the result of an agreement betwixt the King and William de la Marck. Isabelle shuddered with horror, and then recovering herself, said, "I am ashamed, and I have sinned in permitting myself so far to doubt of the saints' protection, as for an instant to have deemed possible the accomplishment of a scheme



so utterly cruel, base, and dishonourable, while there are pitying eyes in Heaven to look down on human miseries. It is not a thing to be thought of with fear or abhorrence, but to be rejected as such a piece of incredible treachery and villainy, as it were atheism to believe could ever be successful. But I now see plainly why that hypocritical Marthon often seemed to foster every seed of petty jealousy or discontent betwixt my poor kinswoman and myself, whilst she always mixed with flattery, addressed to the individual who was present, whatever could prejudice her against her absent cousin. Yet never did I dream she could have proceeded so far as to have caused my once affectionate kinswoman to have left me behind in the perils of Schonwaldt, while she made her own escape."

"Did the Lady Hameline not mention to you, then," said Quentin, "her intended flight?"

"No," replied the Countess, "but she alluded to some communication which Marthon was to make to me. To say truth, my poor kinswoman's head was so turned by the mysterious jargon of the miserable Hayraddin, whom that day she had admitted to a long and secret conference, and she threw out so many strange hints, that — that — in short, I cared not to press on her, when in that humour, for any expla-



nation. Yet it was cruel to leave me behind her."

"I will excuse the Lady Hameline from such unkindness," said Quentin; "for such was the agitation of the moment, and the darkness of the hour, that I believe the Lady Hameline as certainly conceived herself accompanied by her niece, as I at the same time, deceived by Marthon's dress and demeanour, supposed I was in the company of both the Ladies of Croye; — and of *her* especially," he added, with a low but determined voice, "without whom the wealth of worlds would not have tempted me to leave Schonwaldt."

Isabelle stooped her head forward, and seemed scarce to hear the emphasis with which Quentin had spoken. But she turned her face to him again when he began to speak of the policy of Louis; and it was not difficult for them, by mutual communication, to ascertain that the Bohemian brothers, with their accomplice Marthon, had been the agents of that crafty monarch, although Zamet, the elder of them, with a perfidy peculiar to his race, had attempted to play a double game, and had been punished accordingly. In the same humour of mutual confidence, and forgetting the singularity of their own situation, as well as the perils of the road, the travellers



pursued their journey for several hours, only stopping to refresh their horses at a retired dorf, or hamlet, to which they were conducted by Hans Glover, who, in all other respects, as well as in leaving them much to their own freedom in conversation, conducted himself like a person of reflection and discretion.

Meantime, the artificial distinction which divided the two lovers, (for such we may now term them,) seemed dissolved, or removed, by the circumstances in which they were placed; for if the Countess boasted the higher rank, and was by birth entitled to a fortune incalculably larger than that of the youth, whose revenue lay in his sword, it was to be considered that, for the present, she was as poor as he, and for her safety, honour, and life, exclusively indebted to his presence of mind, valour, and devotion. They *spoke* not indeed of love, for though the young lady, her heart full of gratitude and confidence, might have pardoned such a declaration, yet Quentin, on whose tongue there was laid a check, both by natural timidity and by the sentiments of chivalry, would have held it an unworthy abuse of her situation had he said any thing which could have the appearance of taking undue advantage of the opportunities which it afforded them. They *spoke* not then of love, but the thoughts of it were on



both sides unavoidable; and thus they were placed in that relation to each other, in which sentiments of mutual regard are rather understood than announced, and which, with the freedoms which it permits, and the uncertainties that attend it, often forms the most delightful hours of human existence, and as frequently leads to those which are darkened by disappointment, fickleness, and all the pains of blighted hope and unrequited attachment.

It was two hours after noon, when the travellers were alarmed by the report of the guide, who, with paleness and horror in his countenance, said that they were pursued by a party of De la Marck's *Schwarz-reiters*. These soldiers, or rather banditti, were bands levied in the Lower Circles of Germany, and resembled the Lanzknechts in every particular, except that the former acted as light cavalry. To maintain the name of Black Troopers, and to strike additional terror into their enemies, they usually rode on black chargers, and smeared with black ointment their arms and accoutrements, in which operation their hands and faces often had their share. In morals and in ferocity these *Schwarz-reiters* emulated their pedestrian brethren the Lanzknechts.

On looking back, and discovering along the long level road which they had traversed a cloud of



dust advancing, with one or two of the headmost troopers riding furiously in front of it, Quentin addressed his companion — “Dearest Isabelle, I have no weapon left save my sword; but since I cannot fight for you, I will fly with you. Could we gain yonder wood that is before us before they come up, we may easily find means to escape.”

“So be it, my only friend,” said Isabelle, pressing her horse to the gallop; “and thou, good fellow,” she added, addressing Hans Glover, “get thee off to another road, and do not stay to partake our misfortune and danger.”

The honest Fleming shook his head, and answered her generous exhortation, with *Nein, nein! das geht nichts*, and continued to attend them, all three riding towards the shelter of the wood as fast as their jaded horses could go, pursued, at the same time, by the Schwarz-reiters, who increased their pace when they saw them fly. But notwithstanding the fatigue of the horses, still the fugitives, being unarmed, and riding lighter in consequence, had considerably the advantage of the pursuers, and were within about a quarter of a mile of the wood, when a body of men-at-arms, under a knight's pennon, was discovered advancing from the cover, so as to intercept their flight.



“They have bright armour,” said Isabelle; “they must be Burgundians. Be they who they will, we must yield to them, rather than to the lawless miscreants who pursue us.”

A moment after, she exclaimed, looking on the pennon, “I know the cloven heart which it displays! It is the banner of the Count of Creve-cœur, a noble Burgundian — to him I will surrender myself.”

Quentin Durward sighed, but what other alternative remained? and how happy would he have been but an instant before, to have been certain of the escape of Isabelle, even under worse terms? They soon joined the band of Crevecœur, and the Countess demanded to speak to the leader, who had halted his party till he should reconnoitre the Black Troopers; and as he gazed on her with doubt and uncertainty, she said, “Noble Count, — Isabelle of Croye, the daughter of your old companion in arms, Count Reinold of Croye, renders herself, and asks protection from your valour for her and hers.”

“Thou shalt have it, fair kinswoman, were it against a host — always excepting my liege Lord of Burgundy. But there is little time to talk of it. These filthy-looking fiends have made a halt, as if they intended to dispute the matter. — By



**Saint George of Burgundy, they have the insolence to advance against the banner of Crevecœur! — What, will not the knaves be ruled? — Damian, my lance — Advance banner — Lay your spears in the rest — Crevecœur to the Rescue!”**

**Crying his war-cry, and followed by his men-at-arms, he galloped rapidly forward to charge the Schwarz-reiters.**







mane ere he sheathed it, came back to the verge of the forest, where Isabelle had remained a spectator of the combat. One part of his people followed him, while the other continued to pursue the flying enemy for a little space along the causeway.

“It is shame,” said the Count, “that the weapons of knights and gentlemen should be soiled by the blood of those brutal swine.”

So saying, he returned his weapon to the sheath, and added, “This is a rough welcome to your home, my pretty cousin, but wandering princesses must expect such adventures. And well I came up in time, for, let me assure you, the Black Troopers respect a countess’s coronet as little as a country-wench’s coif, and I think your retinue is not qualified for much resistance.”

“My Lord Count,” said the Lady Isabelle, “without further preface, let me know if I am a prisoner, and where you are to conduct me.”

“You know, you silly child,” answered the Count, “how I would answer that question, did it rest on me. But you, and your foolish match-making, marriage-hunting aunt, have made such wild use of your wings of late, that I fear you must be contented to fold them up in cage for a little while. For my part, my duty, and it is



a sad one, will be ended when I have conducted you to the Court of the Duke, at Peronne; for which purpose, I hold it necessary to deliver the command of this reconnoitring party to my nephew, Count Stephen, while I return with you thither, as I think you may need an intercessor — And I hope the young giddy-pate will discharge his duty wisely."

"So please you, fair uncle," said Count Stephen, "if you doubt my capacity to conduct the men-at-arms, even remain with them yourself, and I will be the servant and guard of of the Countess Isabelle of Croye."

"No doubt, fair nephew," answered his uncle, "this were a goodly improvement on my scheme; but methinks I like it as well in the way I planned it. Please you, therefore, to take notice, that your business here is not to hunt after and stick these black hogs, for which you seemed but now to have felt an especial vocation, but to bring me true tidings what is going forward in the country of Liege, concerning which we hear such wild rumours. Let some half a score of lances follow me, and the rest remain with my banner, under your guidance."

"Yet one moment, Cousin of Creveccœur," said the Countess Isabelle, "and let me, in yield-



ing myself prisoner, stipulate at least for the safety of those who have befriended me in my misfortunes. Permit this good fellow, my trusty guide, to go back unharmed to his native town of Liege."

"My nephew," said Crevecœur, after looking sharply at Glover's honest breadth of countenance, "shall guard this good fellow, who seems, indeed, to have little harm in him, as far into the territory as he himself advances, and then leave him at liberty."

"Fail not to remember me to the kind Gertrude," said the Countess to her guide, and added, taking a string of pearls from under her veil, "Pray her to wear this in remembrance of her unhappy friend."

Honest Glover took the string of pearls, and kissed, with clownish gesture, but with sincere kindness, the fair hand which had found such a delicate mode of remunerating his own labours and peril.

"Umph! signs and tokens!" said the Count; "any further bequests to make, my fair cousin? — It is time we were on the way."

"Only," said the Countess, making an effort to speak, "that you will be pleased to be favourable to this — this — this young gentleman."



“Umph!” said Crevecœur, casting the same penetrating glance on Quentin which he had bestowed on Glover, but apparently with a much less satisfactory result, and mimicking, though not offensively, the embarrassment of the Countess. — “Umph! — Ay, — this is a blade of another temper. — And pray, my cousin, what has this — this — this *very* young gentleman done, to deserve such intercession at your hands?”

“He has saved my life and honour,” said the Countess, reddening with shame and resentment.

Quentin also blushed with indignation, but wisely concluded, that to give vent to it might only make matters worse.

“Life and honour? — Umph!” — said again the Count Crevecœur; “methinks it would have been as well, my cousin, if you had not put yourself in the way of lying under such obligations to this very young gentleman. — But let it pass. The young gentleman many wait on us, if his quality permit, and I will see he has no injury — only, I will myself take the office of protecting your life and honour, and may perhaps find for him some fitter duty than that of being a squire of the body to damosels errant.”

“My Lord Count,” said Durward, unable to keep silence any longer, “lest you should talk  
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of a stranger in slighter terms than you might afterwards think becoming, I take leave to tell you, that I am Quentin Durward, an Archer of the Scottish Body-guard, in which, as you well know, none but gentlemen and men of honour are enrolled."

"I thank you for your information, and I kiss your hands, Seignor Archer," said Crevecœur, in the same tone of raillery. "Have the goodness to ride with me to the front of the party."

As Quentin moved onward at the command of the Count, who had now the power, if not the right, to dictate his motions, he observed that the Lady Isabelle followed his motions with a look of anxious and timid interest, which amounted almost to tenderness, and the sight of which brought water into his own eyes. But he remembered that he had a man's part to sustain before Crevecœur, who, perhaps of all the chivalry in France or Burgundy, was least like to be moved to any thing but laughter by a tale of true-love sorrow. He determined, therefore, not to wait his addressing him, but to open the conversation in a tone which should assert his claim to fair treatment, and to more respect than the Count, offended perhaps at finding a person of such inferior note placed so near the confidence of his



high-born and wealthy cousin, seemed disposed to entertain for him.

“My Lord Count of Crevecœur,” he said, in a temperate but firm tone of voice, “may I request of you, before our interview goes farther, to tell me if I am at liberty, or am to account myself your prisoner?”

“A shrewd question,” replied the Count, “which, at present, I can only answer by another — Are France and Burgundy, think you, at peace or war with each other?”

“That,” replied the Scot, “you, my lord, should certainly know better than I. I have been absent from the court of France, and have heard no news for some time.”

“Look you there,” said the Count; “you see how easy it is to ask questions, but how difficult to answer them. Why I myself, who have been at Peronne with the Duke for this week and better, cannot resolve this riddle any more than you; and yet, Sir Squire, upon solution of that question depends the said point, whether you are prisoner or free man; and, for the present, I must hold you as the former — Only if you have really and honestly been of service to my kinswoman, and if you are candid in your answers to



the questions I shall ask, affairs shall stand the better with you."

"The Countess of Croye," said Quentin, "is best judge if I have rendered any service, and to her I refer you on that matter. My answers you will yourself judge of when you ask me your questions."

"Umph! — haughty enough," muttered the Count of Crevecœur, "and very like one that wears a lady's favour in his hat, and thinks he must carry things with a high tone, to honour the precious remnant of silk and tinsel. — Well, sir, I trust it will be no abatement of your dignity, if you answer me how long you have been about the person of the Lady Isabelle of Croye?"

"Count of Crevecœur," said Quentin Durward, "if I answer questions which are asked in a tone approaching towards insult, it is only lest injurious inferences should be drawn from my silence respecting one to whom we are both obliged to render justice. I have acted as escort to the Lady Isabelle since she left France to retire into Flanders."

"Ho! ho!" said the Count; "and that is to say, since she fled from Plessis-les-Tours? — You, an Archer of the Scottish Guard, accompanied



her, of course, by the express orders of King Louis?"

However little Quentin thought himself indebted to the King of France, who, in contriving the surprisal of the Countess Isabelle by William de la Marck, had probably calculated on the young Scotchman being slain in her defence, he did not yet conceive himself at liberty to betray any trust which Louis had reposed, or had seemed to repose in him, and therefore replied to Count Crevecœur's inference, "that it was sufficient for him to have the authority of his superior officer for what he had done, and he inquired no further."

"It is quite sufficient," said the Count. "We know the King does not permit his officers to send the Archers of his Guard to prance like paladins by the bridle-rein of wandering ladies, without he hath some politic purpose to serve. It will be difficult for King Louis to continue to aver so boldly, that he knew not of the Ladies of Croye's having escaped from France, since they were escorted by one of his own Life-guard. — And whither, Sir Archer, was your retreat directed?"

"To Liege, my lord," answered the Scot; "where the ladies desired to be placed under the protection of the late Bishop."



“The *late* Bishop!” exclaimed the Count of Crevecœur; “is Louis of Bourbon dead? — Not a word of his illness had reached the Duke — Of what did he die?”

“He sleeps in a bloody grave, my lord — that is, if his murderers have conferred one on his remains.”

“Murdered!” exclaimed Crevecœur again — “Holy Mother of Heaven! — young man, it is impossible.”

“I saw the deed done with my own eyes, and many an act of horror besides.”

“Saw it! and made not in to help the good Prelate!” exclaimed the Count; “or to raise the castle against his murderer? — Know’st thou not, that even to look on such a deed, without resisting it, is profane sacrilege?”

“To be brief, my lord,” said Durward, “ere this act was done, the castle was stormed by the blood-thirsty William de la Marck, with help of the insurgent Liegeois.”

“I am struck with thunder,” said Crevecœur. “Liege in insurrection! — Schonwaldt taken! — the Bishop murdered! — Messenger of sorrow, never did one man unfold such a packet of woes! — Speak — knew you of this assault — of this in-



surrection — of this murder? — Speak — thou art one of Louis's trusted Archers, and it is he that has aimed this painful arrow. — Speak, or I will have thee torn with wild horses!”

“And if I *am* so torn, my lord, there can be nothing rent out of me, that may not become a true Scottish gentleman. I know no more of these villainies than you, — was so far from being partaker in them, that I would have withstood them to the uttermost, had my means, in a twentieth degree, equalled my inclination. But what could I do? — they were hundreds, and I but one. My only care was to rescue the Countess Isabelle, and in that I was happily successful. Yet, had I been near enough when the ruffian deed was so cruelly done on the old man, I had saved his grey hairs, or I had avenged them; and as it was, my abhorrence was spoken loud enough to prevent other horrors.”

“I believe thee, youth,” said the Count; “thou art neither of an age nor nature to be trusted with such bloody work, however well fitted to be the squire of dames. But alas! for the kind and generous Prelate, to be murdered on the hearth where he so often entertained the stranger with Christian charity and princely bounty — and that by a wretch! a monster! a portentous growth of blood and cruelty! — bred up in



the very hall where he has embrued his hands in his benefactor's blood! But I know not Charles of Burgundy — nay, I should doubt of the justice of Heaven, if vengeance be not as sharp, and sudden, and severe, as this villainy has been unexampled in atrocity. And, if no other were to pursue the murderer," — here he paused, grasped his sword, then quitting his bridle, struck both gauntleted hands upon his breast, until his corslet clattered, and finally held them up to heaven, as he solemnly continued — "I — I, Philip Crevecœur of Cordes, make a vow to God, Saint Lambert, and the Three Kings of Cologne, that small shall be my thought of other earthly concerns, till I take full revenge on the murderers of the good Louis of Bourbon, whether I find them in forest or field, in city or in country, in hill or plain, in King's court, or in God's church! and thereto I pledge lands and living, friends and followers, life and honour. So help me God and Saint Lambert of Liege, and the Three Kings of Cologne!"

When the Count of Crevecœur had made his vow, his mind seemed in some sort relieved from the overwhelming grief and astonishment with which he had heard the fatal tragedy that had been acted at Schonwaldt, and he proceeded to question Durward more minutely concerning the par-



ticulars of that disastrous affair, which the Scot, noways desirous to abate the spirit of revenge which the Count entertained against William de la Marck, gave him at full length.

“But those blind, unsteady, faithless, fickle beasts, the Liegeois,” said the Count, “that they should have combined themselves with this inexorable robber and murderer, to put to death their lawful Prince!”

Durward here informed the enraged Burgundian that the Liegeois, or at least the better class of them, however rashly they had run into the rebellion against their Bishop, had no design, so far as appeared to him, to aid in the execrable deed of De la Marck; but, on the contrary, would have prevented it if they had had the means, and were struck with horror when they beheld it.”

“Speak not of the faithless, inconstant, plebeian rabble!” said Crevecœur. “When they took arms against a Prince, who had no fault, save that he was too kind and too good a master for such a set of ungrateful slaves — when they armed against him, and broke into his peaceful house, what was there in their intention but murder? — when they banded themselves with the wild Boar of Ardennes, the greatest homicide in the marches



of Flanders, what else could there be in his purpose *but* murder, which is the very trade he lives by? And again, was it not one of their own vile rabble who did the very deed, by thine own account? — I hope to see their canals running blood by the light of their burning houses. Oh, the kind, noble, generous lord, whom they have murdered! — Other vassals have rebelled under the pressure of imposts and penury; but the men of Liege, in the fulness of insolence and plenty.” — He again abandoned the reins of his war-horse, and wrung bitterly the hands, which his mail-gloves rendered untractable. Quentin easily saw that the grief which he manifested was augmented by the bitter recollection of past intercourse and friendship with the sufferer, and was silent accordingly; respecting feelings which he was unwilling to aggravate, and at the same time felt it impossible to sooth.

But the Count of Crevecœur returned again and again to the subject — questioned him on every particular of the surprise of Schonwaldt, and the death of the Bishop; and then suddenly, as if he had recollected something which had escaped his memory, demanded what had become of the Lady Hameline, and why she was not with her kinswoman? “Not,” he added contemptuously, “that I consider her absence as at all a



loss to the Countess Isabelle; for, although she was her kinswoman, and upon the whole well-meaning, yet the Court of Cocagne never produced such a fantastic fool; and I hold it for certain, that her niece, whom I have always observed to be a modest and orderly young woman, was led into the absurd frolic of flying from Burgundy to France, by that blundering, romantic, old, match-making and match-seeking idiot!"

What a speech for a romantic lover to hear! and to hear, too, when it would have been ridiculous in him to attempt what it was impossible for him to achieve, — namely, to convince the Count, by force of arms, that he did foul wrong to the Countess — the peerless in sense as in beauty — in terming her a modest and orderly young woman; qualities which might have been predicated with propriety of the daughter of a sun-burnt peasant, who lived by goading the oxen, while her father held the plough. And then, to suppose her under the domination and supreme guidance of a silly and romantic aunt! — the slander should have been repelled down the slanderer's throat. But the open, though severe, physiognomy of the Count of Crevecœur, the total contempt which he seemed to entertain for those feelings which were uppermost in Quentin's bosom, overawed him; not for fear of the Count's fame in arms — that was



a risk which would have increased his desire of making out a challenge — but in dread of ridicule, the weapon of all others most feared by enthusiasts of every description, and which, from its predominance over such minds, often checks what is absurd, and often smothers that which is noble.

Under the influence of this fear, of becoming an object of scorn rather than resentment, Durward, though with some pain, confined his reply to a confused account of the Lady Hameline having made her escape from Schonwaldt before the attack took place. He could not, indeed, have made his story very distinct, without throwing ridicule on the near relation of Isabelle, and perhaps incurring some himself, as having been the object of her preposterous expectations. He added to his embarrassed detail, that he had heard a report, though a vague one, of the Lady Hameline having again fallen into the hands of William de la Marck.

“I trust in Saint Lambert that he will marry her,” said Crevecœur; “as, indeed, he is like enough to do, for the sake of her money-bags; and equally like to knock her upon the head, so soon as these are either secured in his own grasp, or, at farthest, emptied.”

The Count then proceeded to ask so many questions concerning the mode in which both la-



dies had conducted themselves on the journey, the degree of intimacy to which they admitted Quentin himself, and other trying particulars, that, vexed and ashamed and angry, the youth was scarce able to conceal his embarrassment from the keen-sighted soldier and courtier, who seemed suddenly disposed to take leave of him, saying, at the same time, «Umph — I see it is as I conjectured, on one side at least; I trust the other party has kept her senses better. — Come, Sir Squire, spur on, and keep the van, while I fall back to discourse with the Lady Isabelle. I think I have learned now so much from you, that I can talk to her of these sad passages without hurting her nicety, though I have fretted your's a little. — Yet stay, young gallant — one word ere you go. You have had, I imagine, a happy journey through Fairy-land — all full of heroic adventure, and high hope and wild minstrel-like delusion, like the gardens of Morgaine la Fay. Forget it all, young soldier,” he added, touching him on the shoulder; «remember yonder lady only as the honoured Countess of Croy — forget her as a wandering and adventurous damsel: And her friends — one of them I can answer for — will remember, on their part, only the services you have done her, and forget the unreasonable reward which you have had the boldness to propose to yourself.”



Enraged that he had been unable to conceal from the sharp-sighted Crevecœur feelings which the Count seemed to consider as the object of ridicule, Quentin replied, indignantly, "My Lord Count, when I require advice of you, I will ask it; when I demand assistance of you, it will be time enough to refuse it; when I set peculiar value on your opinion of me, it will not be too late to express it."

"Heyday!" said the Count; "I have come between Amadis and Oriana, and must expect a challenge to the lists!"

"You speak as if that were an impossibility," said Quentin — "When I broke a lance with the Duke of Orleans, it was against a breast in which flowed better blood than that of Crevecœur — When I measured swords with Dunois, I engaged a better warrior."

"Now Heaven nourish thy judgment, gentle youth," said Crevecœur. "If thou speak'st truth, thou hast had singular luck in this world; and, truly, if it be pleasure of Providence exposes thee to such trials, without a beard on thy lip, thou wilt be mad with vanity ere thou writest thyself man. Thou canst not move me to anger, though thou may'st to mirth. Believe me, though thou may'st have fought with Princes, and played



the champion for Countesses, by some of those freaks which Fortune will sometimes exhibit, thou art by no means the equal of those of whom thou hast been either the casual opponent, or more casual companion. I can allow thee, like a youth who hath listened to romances till he fancied himself a Paladin, to form pretty dreams for some time; but thou must not be angry at a well-meaning friend, though he shake thee something roughly by the shoulders to awake thee."

"My Lord Count," said Quentin, "my family ——"

"Nay, it was not utterly of family that I spoke," said the Count; "but of rank, fortune, high station, and so forth, which place a distance between various degrees and classes of persons. — As for birth, all men are descended from Adam and Eve."

"My Lord Count," repeated Quentin, "my ancestors, the Durwards of Glen-houlakin ——"

"Nay," said the Count, "if you claim a farther descent for them than from Adam, I have done! Good even to you."

He reined back his horse, and paused to join the Countess, to whom, if possible, his insinuations and advices, however well meant, were still



more disagreeable than to Quentin, who, as he rode on, muttered to himself, "Cold-blooded, insolent, overweening coxcomb! — Would that the next Scottish Archer who has his harquebuss pointed at thee, may not let thee off so easily as I did!"

In the evening they reached the town of Charleroi, on the Sambre, where the Count of Crevecœur had determined to leave the Countess Isabelle, whom the terror and fatigue of yesterday, joined to a flight of fifty miles since morning, and the various distressing sensations by which it was accompanied, had made incapable of travelling farther, with safety to her health. The Count consigned her, in a state of great exhaustion, to the care of the Abbess of the Cistercian convent in Charleroi, a noble lady, to whom both the families of Crevecœur and Croye were related, and in whose prudence and kindness he could repose confidence.

Crevecœur himself only stopped to recommend the utmost caution to the governor of a small Burgundian garrison who occupied the place, and required him also to mount a guard of honour upon the convent during the residence of the Countess Isabelle of Croye, — ostensibly to secure her safety, but perhaps secretly to prevent her attempting to escape. The Count only assigned as a



cause for the garrison being vigilant, some vague rumours which he had heard of disturbances in the Bishopric of Liege. But he was determined himself to be the first who should carry the formidable news of the insurrection and the murder of the Bishop, in all their horrible reality, to Duke Charles; and for that purpose, having procured fresh horses for himself and suite, he mounted with the resolution of continuing his journey to Peronne without stopping for repose; and informing Quentin Durward that he must attend him, he made, at the same time, a mock apology for parting fair company, but hoped, that to so devoted a squire of dames a night's journey by moonshine would be more agreeable, than supinely to yield himself to slumber like an ordinary mortal.

Quentin, already sufficiently afflicted by finding that he was to be parted from Isabelle, longed to answer this taunt with an indignant defiance; but aware that the Count would only laugh at his anger, and despise his challenge, he resolved to wait some future time, when he might have an opportunity of obtaining some amends from this proud lord, who, though for very different reasons, had become nearly as odious to him as the Wild Boar of Ardennes himself. He therefore



assented to Crevecoeur's proposal, as to what he had no choice of declining, and they pursued in company, and with all the dispatch they could exert, the road between Charleroi and Peronne.



## CHAPTER XXV.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

No human quality is so well wove  
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it;  
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,  
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy  
Had well nigh been ashamed on't. For your  
crafty,  
Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,  
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often  
caught in them.

*Old Play.*

QUENTIN, during the earlier part of the night-journey, had to combat with that bitter heart-ache, when youth parts, and probably for ever, with her he loves. As, pressed by the urgency of



the moment, and the impatience of Crevecœur, they hasted on through the rich lowlands of Hainault, under the benign guidance of a rich and lustrous harvest-moon, she shed her yellow influence over rich and deep pastures, woodland, and corn fields, from which the husbandmen were using her light to withdraw the grain, such was the industry of the Flemings, even at that period; she shone on broad, level, and fructifying rivers, where glided the white sail in the service of commerce, uninterrupted by rock or torrent, beside lively quiet villages, whose external decency and cleanliness expressed the ease and comfort of the inhabitants; — she gleamed upon the feudal castle of many a gallant Baron and Knight, with its deep moat, battlemented court, and high belfry, for the chivalry of Hainault was renowned among the nobles of Europe; — and her light displayed at a distance, in its broad beam, the gigantic towers of more than one lofty Minster.

Yet all this fair variety, however differing from the waste and wilderness of his own land, interrupted not the course of Quentin's regrets and sorrows. He had left his heart behind him, when he departed from Charleroi; and the only reflection which the further journey inspired was, that every step was carrying him farther from Isa-



belle. His imagination was taxed to recall every word she had spoken, every look she had directed towards him; and, as happens frequently in such cases, the impression made upon his imagination by the recollection of these particulars, was even stronger than the realities themselves had excited.

At length, after the cold hour of midnight was past, in spite alike of love and of sorrow, the extreme fatigue which Quentin had undergone the two preceding days began to have an effect on him, which his habits of exercise of every kind, and his singular alertness and activity of character, as well as the painful nature of the reflections which occupied his thoughts, had hitherto prevented his experiencing. The ideas of his mind began to be so little corrected by the exertions of his senses, worn-out and deadened as the latter now were by extremity of fatigue, that the visions which the former drew superseded or perverted the information conveyed by the blunted organs of seeing and hearing; and Durward was only sensible that he was awake, by the exertions which, sensible of the peril of his situation, he occasionally made, to resist falling into a deep and dead sleep. Every now and then, a strong consciousness of the risk of falling from or with his horse



roused him to exertion and animation; but ere long his eyes again were dimmed by confused shades of all sorts of mingled colours, the moonlight landscape swam before them, and he was so much overcome with fatigue, that the Count of Crevecœur, observing his condition, was at length compelled to order two of his attendants, one to each rein of Durward's bridle, in order to prevent the risk of his falling from his horse.

When, at length, they reached the town of Landrecy, the Count, in compassion to the youth, who had now been in a great measure without sleep for three nights, allowed himself and his retinue a halt of four hours, for rest and refreshment.

Deep and sound were Quentin's slumbers, until they were broken by the sound of the Count's trumpet, and the cry of his Fouriers and harbingers, "Debout! debout! — Ha! Messires, en route, en route!" — Yet, unwelcomely early as the tones came, they awaked him a different being in strength and spirits from what he had fallen asleep. Confidence in himself and his fortunes returned with his reviving spirits, and with the rising sun. He thought of his love no longer as a desperate and fantastic dream, but as a high



and invigorating principle, to be cherished in his bosom, although he might never propose to himself, under all the difficulties by which he was beset, to bring it to any prosperous issue. — “The pilot,” he reflected, “steers his bark by the polar star, although he never expects to become possessor of it; and the thoughts of Isabelle of Croye shall make me a worthy man-at-arms, though I may never see her more. When she hears that a Scottish soldier, named Quentin Durward, distinguished himself in a well-fought field, or left his body on the breach of a disputed fortress, she will remember the companion of her journey, as one who did all in his power to avert the snares and misfortunes which beset it, and perhaps will honour his memory with a tear, his coffin with a garland.”

In this manly mood of bearing his misfortune, Quentin felt himself more able to receive and reply to the jests of the Count of Crevecœur, who passed several on his alleged effeminacy and incapacity of undergoing fatigue. The young Scot accommodated himself so good-humouredly to the Count's raillery, and replied at once so happily and so respectfully, that the change of his tone and manner made obviously a more favourable impression on the Count than he had entertained



from his prisoner's conduct during the preceding evening, when, rendered irritable by the feelings of his situation, he was alternately moodily silent or fiercely argumentative.

The veteran soldier began at length to take notice of him, as a pretty fellow, of whom something might be made; and more than hinted to him, that, would he but resign his situation in the Archer-guard of France, he would undertake to have him enrolled in the household of the Duke of Burgundy in an honourable condition, and would himself take care of his advancement. And although Quentin, with suitable expressions of gratitude, declined this favour at present, until he should find out how far he had to complain of his original patron, King Louis, he, nevertheless, continued to be on good terms with the Count of Crevecœur; and, while his enthusiastic mode of thinking, and his foreign and idiomatical manner of expressing himself, often excited a smile on the grave cheek of the Count, that smile had lost all that it had of sarcastic and bitter, and did not exceed the limits of good humour and good manners.

Thus travelling on with much more harmony than on the preceding day, the little party came



at last within two miles of the famous and strong town of Peronne, near which the Duke of Burgundy's army lay encamped, ready, as was supposed, to invade France; and, in opposition to which, Louis XI. had himself assembled a strong force near Saint Maxence, for the purpose of bringing to reason his over-powerful vassal.

Peronne, situated upon a deep river, in a flat country, and surrounded by strong bulwarks and profound moats, was accounted in ancient, as in modern times, one of the strongest fortresses in France.\* The Count of Crevecœur, his retinue, and his prisoner, were approaching the fortress about the third hour after noon; when, riding through the pleasant glades of a large forest, which then covered the approach to the town on the east side, they were met by two men of rank,

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\* Indeed, though lying on an exposed and warlike frontier, it was never taken by an enemy, but preserved the proud name of Peronne la Pucelle, until the Duke of Wellington, a great destroyer of that sort of reputation, took the place in the memorable advance upon Paris in 1815,



as appeared from the number of their attendants, dressed in the habits worn in time of peace; and who, to judge from the falcons which they carried on their wrists, and the number of spaniels and greyhounds led by their followers, were engaged in the amusement of hawking. But on perceiving Crevecœur, with whose appearance and liveries they were sufficiently intimate, they quitted the search which they were making for a heron along the banks of a long artificial canal, and came galloping towards him.

«News, news, Count of Crevecœur!» they cried both together; — «will you give news, or take news? or will you barter fairly?»

«I would barter fairly, Messires,” said Crevecœur, after saluting them courteously, «did I conceive you had any news of importance sufficient to make an equivalent for mine.”

The two sportsmen smiled on each other; and the taller of the two, a fine baronial figure, with a dark countenance, marked with that sort of sadness which some physiognomists ascribe to a melancholy temperament, and some, as the Italian statuary augured of the visage of Charles I., consider as predicting an unhappy death, turning to his companion, said, «Crevecœur has been in Bra



bant, the country of commerce, and he has learned all its artifices — he will be too hard for us if we drive a bargain.”

“Messires,” said Crevecœur, “the Duke ought in justice to have the first of my wares, as the Seigneur takes his toll before open market begins. But tell me, are your news of a sad or a pleasant complexion?”

The person whom he particularly addressed was a little lively-looking man, with an eye of great vivacity, which was corrected by an expression of reflection and gravity about the mouth and upper lip — the whole physiognomy marking a man rather of counsel than of action, who saw and judged rapidly, but was sage and slow in forming resolutions or in expressing opinions. This was the famous *Sieur d'Argenton*, better known in history, and amongst historians, by the venerable name of *Philip des Comines*, at this time close to the person of Duke Charles the Bold, and one of his most esteemed counsellors. He answered Crevecœur's question concerning the complexion of the news of which he and his companion, the Baron de Hymbercourt, were the depositaries. — “They were,” he said, “like the colours of the rainbow, various in hue, as they



might be received from different points, and placad betwixt the black cloud and the fair sky — Such a rainbow was never seen in France or Flanders since that of Noah's ark."

"My tidings," replied Crevecœur, "are altogether like the comet; gloomy, wild, and terrible in themselves, yet to be accounted the forerunners of still greater and more terrible evils which are to ensue."

"We must open our bales," said d'Argenton to his companion, "or our market will be forestalled by some new-comers, for ours are public news. — In one word, Crevecœur — listen, and wonder — King Louis is at Peronne!"

"What!" said the Count, in astonishment; "has the Duke retreated without a battle? and do you remain here in your dress of peace, after the town is besieged by the French? — for I cannot suppose it taken."

"No, surely," said D'Hymbercourt, "the banner of Burgundy have not gone back a foot; and still King Louis is here."

"Then Edward of England must have come over the seas with his bowmen," said Creve-



cœur, «and, like his ancestor, gained a second field of Poitiers.”

«Not so,” said D’Argenton — «not a French banner has been borne down, not a sail spread from England — where Edward is too much amused among the wives of the citizens of London, to think of playing the Black Prince. Hear the extraordinary truth. You know, when you left us, that the conference between the commissioners on the parts of France and Burgundy were broken up, without apparent chance of reconciliation.”

«True; and we dreamt of nothing but war.”

«What has followed has been indeed so like a dream,” said D’Argenton, «that I almost expect to awake and find it so. Only one day since, the Duke had in council protested so furiously against further delay, that it was resolved to send a defiance to the King, and march forward instantly into France. Toison d’Or, commissioned for the purpose, had put on his official dress, and had his foot in the stirrup to mount his horse, when lo! the French herald Mont-joie rode into our camp. We thought of nothing else than that Louis had been beforehand with our defiance; and began to consider how much the Duke would resent their advice, which had prevented him from



being the first to declare war. But a council being speedily assembled, what was our wonder when the herald informed us, that Louis, King of France, was scarce an hour's riding behind, intending to visit Charles, Duke of Burgundy, with a small retinue, in order that their differences might be settled at a personal interview."

"You surprise me, Messires," said Creve-cœur; "and yet you surprise me less than you might have expected — for, when I was last at Plessis-les-Tours, the all-trusted Cardinal Balue, offended with his master, and Burgundian at heart, did hint to me, that he could so work upon Louis's peculiar foibles, as to lead him to bring himself into such a position with regard to Burgundy, that the Duke might have the terms of peace of his own making. But I never suspected that so old a fox as Louis could have been induced to come into the trap of his own accord. What said the council?"

"As you may guess," answered D'Hymbercourt; "talked much of faith to be observed, and little of advantage to be obtained, by such a visit; while it was manifest they thought almost entirely of the last, and were only anxious to find some way to reconcile it with the necessary preservation of appearances."



“And what said the Duke?” continued the Count of Crevecœur.

“Spoke brief and bold, as usual,” replied D’Argenton. — “‘Which of you was it,’ he asked, ‘who witnessed the meeting of my cousin Louis and me after the battle of Montl’hery, when I was so thoughtless as to accompany him back within the entrenchments of Paris with half a score of attendants, and so put my person at the King’s mercy?’ I replied, that most of us had been present; and none could ever forget the alarm which it had been his pleasure to give us. ‘Well,’ said the Duke, ‘you blamed me for my folly, and I confessed to you that I had acted like a giddy-pated boy; and I am aware, too, that my father of happy memory, being then alive, my kinsman, Louis, would have had less advantage by seizing on my person than I might now have by securing his. But, nevertheless, if my royal kinsman comes hither on the present occasion, in the same singleness of heart under which I then acted, he shall be royally welcome — If it is meant by this appearance of confidence, to circumvent and to blind me, till he executes some of his politic schemes, by Saint George of Burgundy, let him look to it!’ And so, having turned up his mustaches, and stamped on the ground, he



ordered us all to get on our horses, and receive so extraordinary a guest."

"And you met the King accordingly?" replied the Count of Crevecœur — "Miracles have not ceased! — How was he accompanied?"

"As slightly as might be," answered Hymberbourt; "only a score or two of the Scottish Guard, and a few knights and gentlemen of his household — among whom his astrologer, Galeotti, made the gayest figure."

"That fellow," said Crevecœur, "holds some dependence on the Cardinal Balue — I should not be surprised that he has had his share in determining the King to this step of doubtful policy. Any nobility of higher rank?"

"There are Monseigneur of Orleans and Dunois," replied D'Argenton.

"I will have a rouze with Dunois," said Crevecœur, "wag the world as it will. But we heard they were in prison."

"They were both under arrest in the Castle of Loches, that delightful place of retirement for the French nobility," said Hymbercourt; "but Louis has released them, in order to bring them



with him — perhaps because he cared not to leave Orleans behind. For his other attendants, faith, I think this gossip, the Hangman Marshall, with two or three of his retinue, and Oliver, his barber, may be the most considerable — and the whole so poorly arrayed, that, by my honour, the King resembles most an old usurer going to collect desperate debts, attended by a body of catch-poles.”

“And where is he lodged?” said Crevecœur.

“Nay, that,” replied D’Argenton, “is the most marvellous of all. Our Duke offered to let the King’s Archer-Guard have a gate of the town, and a bridge of boats over the Somme, and to have assigned to Louis himself the adjoining house, belonging to a wealthy burgess, Giles Orthen; but, in going thither, the King espied the banners of De Lau and Pencil de Riviere, whom he had banished from France; and scared, as it would seem, with the thought of being so near refugees and malcontents of his own making, he craved to be lodged in the Castle of Peronne, and *there* he hath his abode accordingly.”

“Why, God ha’ mercy!” exclaimed Crevecœur, “this is not only being content with ven-



turing into the lion's den, but thrusting his head into his very jaws — Nothing less than the very bottom of the rat-trap would serve the crafty old politician."

"Nay," said D'Argenton, "Hymbercourt hath not told you the speech of Le Glorieux — which, in my mind, was the shrewdest opinion that was given."

"And what said *his* most illustrious wisdom?" asked the Count.

"As the Duke," replied D'Argenton, "was hastily ordering some vessels and ornaments of plate, and the like, to be prepared as presents for the King and his retinue, by way of welcome on his arrival, 'Trouble not thy small brain about it, my friend Charles,' said Le Glorieux, 'I will give thy cousin Louis a nobler and a fitter gift than thou canst; and that is my cap and bells, and my bauble to boot; for, by the mass, he is a greater fool than I am, for putting himself in thy power.' 'But if I give him no reason to repent it, sirrah, how then?' said the Duke. 'Then, truly, Charles, thou shalt have cap and bauble thyself, as the greatest fool of the three of us.' I promise you this knavish quip touched the Duke closely — I saw him change colour and bite



his lip. — And now, our news are told, noble Crevecœur, and what think you they resemble?"

"A mine full-charged with gun-powder," answered Crevecœur, "to which, I fear, it is my fate to bring the linstock. Your news and mine are like flax and fire, or like certain chemical substances which cannot be mingled without an explosion. Friends, — gentlemen, — ride close by my rein; and when I tell you what has chanced in the bishopric of Liege, I think you will be of opinion, that King Louis might as safely have undertaken a pilgrimage to the infernal regions, as this ill-timed visit to Peronne."

The two nobles drew up close on either hand of the Count, and listened, with half-suppressed exclamations, and gestures of the deepest wonder and interest, to his account of the transactions at Liege and Schonwaldt. Quentin was then called forward, and examined and re-examined on the particulars of the Bishop's death, until at length he refused to answer any further interrogatories, not knowing wherefore they were asked, or what use might be made of his replies.

They now reached the rich and level banks of the Somme, and the ancient walls of the little



town of Peronne la Pucelle, and the deep green meadows adjoining, now whitened with the numerous tents of the Duke of Burgundy's army, amounting to about fifteen thousand men.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE INTERVIEW.

*When Princes meet, Astrologers may mark it  
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,  
Like that of Mars with Saturn.*

*Old Play.*

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ONE hardly knows whether to term it a privilege or a penalty annexed to the quality of princes, that, in their intercourse with each other, they are required, by the respect which is due to their own rank and dignity, to regulate their feelings and expressions by a severe etiquette, which precludes all violent and avowed display of passion, and which, but that the whole world are aware that this assumed complaisance is a matter of ceremony, might justly pass for profound dissimulation. It is no less certain, however, that the overstepping of these bounds of ceremonial, for the purpose of



giving more direct vent to their angry passions, has the effect of compromising their dignity with the world in general, as was particularly noted when those distinguished rivals, Francis the First, and the Emperor Charles, gave each other the lie direct, and were desirous of deciding their differences hand to hand, in single combat.

Charles of Burgundy, the most hasty and impatient, nay, the most imprudent prince of his time, found himself, nevertheless, fettered within the magic circle which prescribed the most profound deference to Louis, as his Suzerain and liege Lord, who had deigned to confer upon him, a vassal of the crown, the distinguished honour of a personal visit. Dressed in his ducal mantle, and attended by his great officers, and principal knights and nobles, he went in gallant cavalcade, to receive Louis XI. His retinue absolutely blazed with gold and silver; for the wealth of the Court of England being exhausted by the wars of York and Lancaster, and the expenditure of France limited by the economy of the Sovereign, that of Burgundy was for the time the most magnificent in Europe. The cortege of Louis, on the contrary, was few in number and comparatively mean in appearance, and the exterior of the King himself, in a thread-bare cloak, with his wonted old high-crowned hat stuck full of images, ren-



dered the contrast yet more striking; and while the Duke, richly attired with coronet and mantle of state, threw himself from his noble charger, and, kneeling on one knee, offered to hold the stirrup while Louis dismounted from his little ambling palfrey, the effect was almost grotesque.

The greeting between the two potentates was, of course, as full of affected kindness and compliment as it was totally devoid of sincerity. But the temper of the Duke rendered it much more difficult for him to preserve the necessary appearances, in voice, speech, and demeanour, while in the King, every species of simulation and dissimulation, seemed so much a part of his nature, that those best acquainted with him could not have distinguished what was feigned from what was real.

Perhaps the most accurate illustration, were it not unworthy two such high potentates, would be, to suppose the King in the situation of a stranger, perfectly acquainted with the habits and dispositions of the canine race, who, for some purpose of his own, is desirous to make friends with a large and surly mastiff who holds him in suspicion, and is disposed to fly upon him on the first symptoms either of diffidence or of umbrage. The mastiff growls internally, erects his bristles, shews his teeth, yet takes shame to fly upon the intruder,



who seems at the same time so kind, and so confiding, and therefore the animal endures advances which are far from pacifying him, watching at the same time the slightest opportunity which may justify him in his own eyes for seizing his friend by the throat.

The King was no doubt sensible, from the altered voice, constrained manner, and abrupt gestures of the Duke, that the game he had to play was delicate, and perhaps he more than once repented having ever taken it in hand. But repentance was too late, and all that remained for him was that inimitable dexterity of management, which the King understood equally at least to any man that ever lived.

The demeanour which Louis used towards the Duke, was such as to resemble the kind overflowing of the heart in a moment of sincere reconciliation with an honoured and tried friend, from whom he had been estranged by temporary circumstances now passed away, and forgotten as soon as removed. The King blamed himself for not having sooner taken the decisive step, of convincing his kind and good kinsman by such a mark of confidence as he was now bestowing, that the angry passages which had occurred betwixt them were nothing in his remembrance, when weighed against the kindness which received him when an



exile from France, and under the displeasure of the King his father. He spoke of the Good Duke of Burgundy, as Philip the father of Duke Charles was currently called, and remembered a thousand instances of his paternal kindness.

“I think, cousin,” he said, “your father made little difference in his affection, betwixt you and me; for I remember, when by an accident I had bewildered myself in a hunting-party, I found the good Duke upbraiding you with leaving me in the forest, as if you had been careless of the safety of an elder brother.”

The Duke of Burgundy's features were naturally harsh and severe; and when he attempted to smile, in polite acquiescence to the truth of what the King told him, the grimace which he made was truly diabolical.

Prince of dissemblers, he said, in his secret soul, would that it stood with my honour to remind you how you have requited all the benefits of our House!

“And then,” continued the King, “if the ties of consanguinity and gratitude are not sufficient to bind us together, my fair cousin, we have those of spiritual relationship; for, I am god-father to your fair daughter Mary, who is as dear to me



as one of my own maidens; and when the Saints (their holy name be blessed!) sent me a little blossom which withered in the course of three months, it was your princely father who held it at the font, and celebrated the ceremony of baptism with richer and prouder magnificence, than Paris itself could have afforded. Never shall I forget the deep, the indelible impression which the generosity of Duke Philip, and yours, my dearest cousin, made upon the half-broken heart of the poor exile!"

"Your Majesty," said the Duke, compelling himself to make some reply, "acknowledged that slight obligation in terms which overpaid all the display which Burgundy could make, to shew due sense of the honour you had done its Sovereign."

"I remember the words you mean, fair cousin," said the King, smiling; "I think they were, that in guerdon of the benefit of that day, I, poor wanderer, had nothing to offer, save the persons of myself, of my wife, and of my child. — Well, and I think I have indifferently well redeemed my pledge."

"I mean not to dispute what your Majesty is pleased to aver," said the Duke; "but —"



“But you ask,” said the King, interrupting him, “how my actions have accorded with my words — Marry thus: the body of my infant child Joachim rests in Burgundian earth — my own person I have this morning placed unreservedly in your power — and, for that of my wife, truly, cousin, I think, considering the period of time which has passed, you will scarce insist on my keeping my word in that particular. She was born on the day of the Blessed Annunciation, (he crossed himself, and muttered an *Ora pro nobis*,) some fifty years since; but she is no farther distant than Rheims, and if you insist on my promise being fulfilled to the letter, she shall presently wait your pleasure.”

Angry as the Duke of Burgundy was at the barefaced attempt of the King to assume towards him a tone of friendship and intimacy, he could not help laughing at the whimsical reply of that singular monarch, and his laugh was as discordant as the abrupt tones of passion in which he often spoke. Having laughed longer and louder than was at that time, or would now, be thought fitting the time and occasion, he answered in the same tone, bluntly declining the honour of the Queen's company, but stating his willingness to accept that of the King's eldest daughter, whose beauty was celebrated.



“I am happy, fair cousin,” said the King, with one of those dubious smiles of which he frequently made use, “that your gracious pleasure has not fixed on my younger daughter Joan. I should otherwise have had spear-breaking between you and my cousin of Orleans; and, had harm come of it, I must on either side have lost a kind friend and affectionate cousin.”

“Nay, nay, my royal sovereign,” said Duke Charles, “the Duke of Orleans shall have no interruption from me in the path which he has chosen *par amours*. The cause in which I couch my lance against Orleans, must be fair and straight.”

Louis was far from taking amiss this brutal allusion to the personal deformity of the Princess Joan. On the contrary, he was rather pleased to find that the Duke was content to be amused with broad jests, in which he was himself a proficient, and which (according to the modern phrase,) spared much sentimental hypocrisy. Accordingly, he speedily placed their intercourse on such a footing, that Charles, though he felt it impossible to play the part of an affectionate and reconciled friend to a monarch whose ill offices he had so often encountered, and whose sincerity on the present occasion he so strongly doubted, yet had no difficulty in acting the



heartly landlord towards a facetious guest; and so the want of reciprocity in kinder feelings between them, was supplied by the tone of good fellowship which exists between two boon companions, — a tone natural to the Duke from the frankness, and, it might be added, the grossness of his character, and to Louis, because though capable of assuming any mood of social intercourse, that which really suited him best was mingled with grossness of ideas, and of caustic humour in expression.

Both Princes were happily able to preserve, during the period of a banquet at the town-house of Peronne, the same kind of conversation, on which they met as on a neutral ground, and which, as Louis easily perceived, was more available than any other to keep the Duke of Burgundy in that state of composure which seemed necessary to his own safety.

Yet he was alarmed to observe that the Duke had around him several of those French nobles, and those of the highest rank, and in situations of great trust and power, whom his own severity or injustice had driven into exile; and it was to secure himself from the possible effects of their resentment and revenge, that (as already mentioned) he requested to be lodged in the Castle or Citadel of Peronne, rather than in the town itself.



This was readily granted by Duke Charles, with one of those grim smiles, of which it was impossible to say whether it meant good or harm to the party whom it concerned.

But when the King, expressing himself with as much delicacy as he could, and in the manner he thought best qualified to lull suspicion asleep, asked, whether the Scottish Archers of his Guard might not maintain the custody of the Castle of Peronne during his residence there, in lieu of the gate of the town which the Duke had offered to their care, Charles replied, with his wonted sternness of voice, and abruptness of manner, rendered more alarming by his habit, when he spoke, of either turning up his moustachios or handling his sword and dagger, the last of which he used frequently to draw a little way, and then return to the sheath — “Saint Martin! No, my liege. You are in your vassal’s camp and city — so men call me in respect to your Majesty — my castle and town are yours, and my men are yours; so it is indifferent whether they or the Scottish Archers guard either the outer gate or defences of the Castle. — No, by Saint George! Peronne is a virgin fortress — she shall not lose her reputation by any neglect of mine. Maidens must be carefully watched, my royal cousin, if we would have them continue to live in good fame.”



“Surely, fair cousin, and I altogether agree with you,” said the King, “being, in fact, more interested in the reputation of the good little town than you are — Peronne being, as you know, fair cousin, one of those upon the same river Somme, which, pledged to your father of happy memory for redemption of money, are liable to be redeemed upon re-payment. And, to speak truth, coming, like an honest debtor, disposed to clear off my obligations of every kind, I have brought here a few sumpter mules loaded with silver for the redemption — enough to maintain even your princely and royal establishment, fair cousin, for the space of three years.”

“I will not receive a penny of it,” said the Duke, twirling his moustachios; “the day of redemption is past, my royal cousin; nor was there ever serious purpose that the right should be exercised, the cession of these towns being the sole recompence my father ever received from France, when, in a happy hour for your family, he consented to forget the murder of my grandfather, and to exchange the alliance of England for that of your father. Saint George! if he had not so acted, your royal self, far from having towns on the Somme, could scarce have kept those beyond the Loire. No — I will not render a stone of them, were I to receive for every stone so rendered its



weight in gold. I thank God, and the wisdom and valour of my ancestors, that the revenues of Burgundy, though it be but a duchy, will maintain my state, even when a King is my guest, without obliging me to barter my heritage."

"Well, fair cousin," answered the King, with the same mild and placid manner as before, and unperturbed by the muttering and violent gestures of the Duke, "I see that you are so good a friend to France, that you are unwilling to part with aught that belongs to her. But we shall need some moderator in these affairs when we come to treat of them in council — What say you to Saint Paul?"

"Neither Saint Paul, nor Saint Peter, nor e'er a Saint in the Calendar," said the Duke of Burgundy, "shall preach me out of possession of Peronne."

"Nay, but you mistake me," said King Louis, smiling; "I mean Louis de Luxembourg, our trusty constable, the Count of Saint Paul. — Ah! Saint Mary of Embrun! we lack but his head at our conference! the best head in France, and the most useful to the restoration of perfect harmony betwixt us."

"By Saint George of Burgundy!" said the Duke, "I marvel to hear your Majesty talk thus



of a man, false and perjured, both to France and Burgundy — one who hath ever endeavoured to fan into a flame our frequent differences, and that with the purpose of giving himself the airs of a mediator. I swear by the Order I wear, that his marshes shall not be long a resource for him !”

“ Be not so warm, cousin,” said the King, smiling, and speaking under his breath; “ when I wished for the constable’s *head*, as a means of ending the settlement of our trifling differences, I had no desire for his *body*, which might remain at Saint Quentin’s with much convenience.”

“ Ho ! ho ! I take your meaning, my royal cousin,” said Charles, with the same dissonant laugh which some of the King’s coarse pleasant-ries had extorted, and added, stamping with his heel on the ground, “ I allow, in that sense, the head of the Constable *might* be useful at Peronne.”

These, and other discourses, by which the King mixed hints at serious affairs amid matter of mirth and amusement, did not follow each other consecutively; but were adroitly introduced during the time of the Banquet at the Hotel de Ville, during a subsequent interview in the Duke’s own apartments, and, in short, as occasion seemed



to render the introduction of such delicate subjects easy and natural.

Indeed, however rashly Louis had placed himself in a risk, which the Duke's fiery temper, and the mutual subjects of exasperated enmity which subsisted betwixt them, rendered of doubtful and perilous issue, never pilot on an unknown coast conducted himself with more firmness and prudence. He seemed to sound with the utmost address and precision, the depths and shallows of his rival's mind and temper, and manifested neither doubt nor fear, when the result of his experiments discovered much more of sunken rocks, and of dangerous shoals, than of safe anchorage.

At length a day closed, which must have been a wearisome one to Louis, from the constant exertion, vigilance, precaution, and attention which his situation required, as it was a day of constraint to the Duke, from the necessity of suppressing the violent feelings to which he was in the general habit of giving uncontrolled vent.

No sooner was the latter retired into his own apartment, after he had taken a formal leave of the King for the night, than he gave way to the explosion of passion which he had so long suppressed, and many an oath and abusive epithet, as



his jester, Le Glorieux, said, "fell that night upon heads which they were never coined for" — his domestics reaping the benefit of that hoard of injurious language which he could not in decency bestow on his royal guest, even in his absence, and which was yet become too great to be altogether suppressed. The jests of the clown had some effect in tranquillizing the Duke's angry mood; — he laughed loudly, threw the jester a piece of gold, caused himself to be disrobed in tranquillity, swallowed a deep cup of wine and spices, went to bed, and slept soundly.

The couchee of King Louis is more worthy of notice than that of Charles; for the violent expression of exasperated and headlong passion, as indeed it belongs more to the brutal than the intelligent part of our nature, has little to interest us, in comparison to the deep workings of a vigorous and powerful mind.

Louis was escorted to the lodgings he had chosen in the Castle, or Citadel of Peronne, by the chamberlains and harbingers of the Duke of Burgundy, and received at the entrance by a strong guard of archers and men-at-arms.

As he descended from his horse to cross the drawbridge, over a moat of unusual width and depth, he looked on the sentinels, and observed to



D'Argenton, who accompanied him, with other Burgundian nobles, "They wear Saint Andrew's crosses — but not those of my Scottish Archers."

"You will find them as ready to die in your defence, sire," said D'Argenton, whose sagacious ear had detected in the King's tone of speech a feeling, which doubtless Louis would have concealed if he could. "They wear the Saint Andrew's Cross as the appendage of the collar of the Golden Fleece, my master the Duke of Burgundy's order."

"Do I not know it?" said Louis, shewing the collar which he himself wore in compliment to his host; "It is one of the dear bonds of fraternity which exist between my kind brother and myself. We are brothers in chivalry, as in spiritual relationship; cousins by birth, and friends by every tie of kind feeling and good neighbourhood. — No farther than the base court, my noble lords and gentlemen! I can permit your attendance no farther — you have done me enough of grace."

"We were charged by the Duke," said Hymbercourt, "to bring your Majesty to your lodging. — We trust, your Majesty will permit us to obey our master's command."

"In this small matter," said the King, "I trust you will allow my command to outweigh



his, even with you his liege subjects. — I am something indisposed, my lords — something fatigued. Great pleasure hath its toils as well as pain. — I trust to enjoy your society better to-morrow. — And yours too, Seignor Philip of Argenton — I am told you are the annalist of the time — we that desire to have a name in history, must speak you fair, for men say your pen hath a sharp point, when you will. — Good night, my lords and gentles, to all and each of you.”

The Lords of Burgundy retired, much pleased with the grace of Louis's manner, and the artful distribution of his attentions; and the King was left with only one or two of his own personal followers, under the archway of the base-court of the Castle of Peronne, looking on the huge tower which occupied one of the angles, being in fact the Donjon, or principal Keep of the place. This tall, dark, massive building was seen clearly by the same moon which was lighting Quentin Durward betwixt Charleroi and Peronne, which, as the reader is aware, shone with peculiar lustre. The great Keep was in form nearly resembling the White Tower in the Citadel of London, but still more ancient in its architecture, deriving its date, as was affirmed, from the days of Charlemagne. The walls were of a tremendous thickness, the windows very small, and grated with



bars of iron, and the huge clumsy bulk of the building cast a dark and portentous shadow over the whole of the court-yard.

“I am not to be lodged *there*,” the King said, with a shudder, that had something in it ominous.

“No,” replied the grey-headed seneschal, who attended upon him unbonneted—“God forbid!—Your Majesty’s apartment are prepared in these lower buildings which are hard by, and in which King John slept two nights before the battle of Poitiers.”

“Hum — that is no lucky omen neither —” muttered the King; “but what of the Tower, my old friend? and why should you desire of Heaven that I may not be there lodged?”

“Nay, my gracious liege,” said the seneschal, “I know no evil of the Tower at all — only that the sentinels say lights are seen, and strange noises heard in it at night; and there are reasons why that may be the case, for anciently it was used as a state prison, and there are many tales of deeds which have been done in it.”

Louis asked no further questions, for no man was more bound than he to respect the secrets of a prison-house. At the door of the apartments destined for his use, which, though of later date



than the Tower, were still both ancient and gloomy, stood a small party of his own guard, with their faithful old commander at their head.

“Crawford — my honest and faithful Crawford,” said the King, “where hast thou been to-day? — Are the lords of Burgundy so inhospitable as to neglect one of the bravest and most noble gentlemen who ever trode a court? — I saw you not at the banquet.”

“I declined it, my liege,” said Crawford — “times are changed with me. The day has been that I could have ventured a carouse with the best man in Burgundy, and that in the juice of his own grape; but a matter of four pints now flusters me, and I think it concerns your Majesty’s service to set in this an example to my callants.”

“Thou art ever prudent,” said the King; “but surely your toil is the less when you have so few men to command? — and a time of festivity requires not so severe self-denial on your part as a time of danger.”

“If I have few men to command,” said Crawford, “I have the more need to keep the knaves in fitting condition; and whether this be like to end in feasting or fighting, God and your Majesty know better than old John of Crawford.”



“You surely do not apprehend any danger?” said the King hastily, yet in a whisper.

“Not I,” answered Crawford; “I wish I did; for, as old Earl Tineman used to say, apprehended dangers may be always defended dangers. — The word for the night, if your Majesty pleases?”

“Let it be Burgundy, in honour of our host and of a liquor that you love, Crawford.”

“I will quarrel with neither Duke nor drink, so called,” said Crawford, “providing always that both be sound. A good night to your Majesty.”

“A good night, my trusty Scot,” said the King, and passed on to his apartments.

At the door of his bed-room Le Balafre was placed sentinel. “Follow me hither,” said the King, as he passed him; and the Archer accordingly, like a piece of machinery put into motion by an artist, strode after him into the apartment, and remained there fixed, silent, and motionless, attending the royal command.

“Have you heard from that wandering Paladin, your nephew?” said the King; “for he hath been lost to us, since, like a young knight who



had set out upon his first adventures, he sent us home two prisoners as the first fruits of his chivalry."

"My lord, I heard something of that," said Balafre; "and I hope your Majesty will believe, that if he hath acted wrongfully, it was in no shape by my precept or example, since I never was so bold an ass as to unhorse any of your Majesty's most illustrious house, better knowing my own condition, and ——"

"Be silent on that point," said the King; "your nephew did his duty in the matter."

"There indeed," continued Balafre, "he had the cue from me. — 'Quentin,' said I to him, 'whatever comes of it, remember you belong to the Scottish Archer-guard, and do your duty, whatever comes on't.'"

"I guess he had some such exquisite instructor," said Louis; "but it concerns me that you answer my question — Have you heard of your nephew of late? — Stand aback, my masters," he added, addressing the gentlemen of his chamber, "for this concerneth no ears but mine."

"Surely, please your Majesty," said Balafre, "I have seen this very evening the groom Charlot, whom my kinsman dispatched from Liege,



or some castle of the Bishop's which is near it, and where he hath lodged the Ladies of Croye in safety."

"Now our Lady of Heaven be praised for it!" said the King. "Art thou sure of it? — sure of the good news?"

"As sure as I can be of aught," said Le Balafre; "the fellow, I think, hath letters for your Majesty from the Ladies of Croye."

"Haste to get them," said the King — "Give thy harquebuss to one of these knaves — to Oliver — to any one. — Now our Lady of Embrun be praised! and silver shall be the screen that surrounds her high altar!"

Louis, in this fit of gratitude and devotion, doffed, as usual, his hat, selected from the figures with which it was garnished that which represented his favourite image of the Virgin, placed it on a table, and kneeling down, repeated reverently the vow he had made.

The groom, being the first messenger whom Durward had dispatched from Schonwaldt, was now introduced with his letters. They were addressed to the King by the Ladies of Croye, and barely thanked him in very cold terms for his courtesy while at his court, and, something more



warmly, for having permitted them to retire, and sent them in safety from his dominions; expressions at which Louis laughed very heartily, instead of resenting them. He then demanded of Charlot, with obvious interest, whether they had not sustained some alarm or attack upon the road? Charlot, a stupid fellow, and selected for that quality, gave a very confused account of the affray in which his companion, the Gascon, had been killed, but knew of no other. Again Louis demanded of him, minutely and particularly, the route which the party had taken to Liege; and seemed much interested when he was informed, in reply, that they had, upon approaching Namur, kept the more direct road to Liege, upon the right bank of the Maes, instead of the left bank, as recommended in their route. The King then ordered the man a small present, and dismissed him, disguising the anxiety he had expressed, as if it had only concerned the safety of the Ladies of Croye.

Yet the news, though they implied the failure of one of his own favourite plans, seemed to imply more internal satisfaction on the King's part than he would have probably indicated in a case of brilliant success. He sighed like one whose breast has been relieved from a heavy burthen, muttered his devotional acknowledgments with



an air of deep sanctity, raised up his eyes, and hastened to adjust newer and surer schemes of ambition.

With such purpose, Louis ordered the attendance of his astrologer, Martius Galeotti, who appeared with his usual air of assumed dignity, yet not without an uncertainty on his brow, as if he had doubted the King's kind reception. It was, however, favourable, even beyond the warmest which he had ever met with at any former interview. Louis termed him his friend, his father in the sciences — the glass by which a king should look into distant futurity — and concluded by thrusting on his finger a ring of very considerable value. Galeotti, not aware of the circumstances which had thus suddenly raised his character in the estimation of Louis, yet understood his own profession too well to let that ignorance be seen. He received with grave modesty the praises of Louis, which he contended were only due to the nobleness of the science which he practised, a science the rather the more deserving of admiration on account of its working miracles through means of so feeble an agent as himself; and he and the King took leave, for once much satisfied with each other.

On the Astrologer's departure, Louis threw himself into a chair, and appearing much exhaust-



ed, dismissed the rest of his attendants, excepting Oliver alone, who, creeping around with gentle assiduity and noiseless step, assisted him in the task of preparing for repose.

During the time while he received this assistance, the King, unusual to his wont, was so silent and passive, that his attendant was struck by the unusual change in his deportment. The worst minds have often something of good principle in them — banditti shew fidelity to their captain, and sometimes a protected and promoted favourite has felt a gleam of sincere interest in the monarch to whom he owed his greatness. Oliver Diable (or by whatever other name he was called expressive of his evil propensities,) was, nevertheless, scarce so completely identified with Satan as not to feel some touch of gratitude for his master in this singular condition, when, as it seemed, his fate was deeply interested, and his strength seemed to be exhausted. After for a short time rendering to the King in silence the usual services paid by a servant to his master at the toilette, the attendant was at length tempted to say, with the freedom which his Sovereign's indulgence had permitted him in such circumstances, "*Tete-dieu, Sire, you seem as if you had lost a battle; and yet I, who was near your Majesty during this whole day, never knew you fight a field so gallantly.*"



“A field!” said King Louis, looking up, and assuming his wonted causticity of tone and manner, “*Pasques-dieu*, my friend Oliver, say I have kept the arena in a bull-fight; for a blinder, and more stubborn, untameable, uncontrollable brute, than our cousin of Burgundy, never existed, save in the shape of a Murcian bull, trained for the bull-feasts.—Well, let it pass—I dodged him bravely. But, Oliver, rejoice with me that my plans in Flanders have not taken effect, whether as concerning these two rambling Princesses of Croye or in Liege—you understand me.”

“In faith, I do not, Sire,” replied Oliver; “it is impossible for me to congratulate your Majesty on the failure of your favourite schemes, unless you tell me some reason for the change in your own wishes and views.”

“Nay,” answered the King, “there is no change in either in a general view. But, *Pasques-dieu*, my friend, I have this day learned more of Duke Charles than I before knew. When he was Count de Charolois, in the time of the old Duke Philip and the banished Dauphin of France, we drank, and hunted, and rambled together—and many a wild adventure we have had. And in these days I had a decided advantage over him—like that which a strong spirit naturally assumes over a weak one. But he has since changed—has be-



come a dogged, daring, assuming, disputatious dogmatist, who nourishes an obvious wish to drive matters to extremities, while he thinks he has the game in his own hands. I was compelled to glide as gently away from each offensive topic, as if I touched red-hot iron. I did but hint at the possibility of these erratic Countesses of Croye, ere they attained Liege, (for thither I frankly confessed that, to the best of my belief, they were gone,) falling into the hands of some wild snapper upon the frontiers, and, *Pasques-dieu*, you would have thought I had spoken of sacrilege. It is needless to tell you what he said, and quite enough to say, that I would have held my head's safety very insecure, if in that moment accounts had been brought of the success of thy friend, William with the Beard, in his and thy honest scheme of bettering himself by marriage."

"No friend of *mine*, if it please your Majesty," said Oliver — "neither friend nor plan of mine."

"True, Oliver," answered the King; "thy plan had been to shave such a bridegroom. Well thou didst wish her as bad a one, when thou didst modestly hint at thyself. However, Oliver, lucky who hath her not; for hang, draw, and quarter, were the most gentle words which my gentle cousin spoke of him who should wed the young Countess, his vassal, without his most ducal permission."



“And he is, doubtless, as jealous of any disturbances in the good town of Liege?” asked the favourite.

“As much, or much more so,” replied the King, “as your understanding may easily anticipate; but ever since I resolved on coming hither, my messengers have been in Liege, to repress, for the present, every movement to insurrection; and my very busy and bustling friends, Rouslaer and Pavillon, have orders to be quiet as a mouse until this happy meeting between my cousin and me is over.”

“Judging, then, from your Majesty’s account,” said Oliver, drily, “the utmost to be hoped from this meeting is, that it should not make your condition worse? — Surely this is like the crane that thrust her head into the fox’s mouth, and was glad to thank her good fortune that it was not bitten off. Yet your Majesty seemed deeply obliged even now to the sage Philosopher who encouraged you to play so hopeful a game.”

“No game,” said the King, sharply, “is to be despaired of until it is lost, and that I have no reason to expect it will be in my own case. On the contrary, if nothing occurs to stir the rage of this vindictive madman, I am sure of victory; and, surely, I am not a little obliged to the skill which



selected for my agent, as the conductor of the Ladies of Croye, a youth whose horoscope so far corresponded with mine, that he hath saved me from danger, even by the disobedience of my own commands, and taking the route which avoided De la Marck's ambuscade."

"Your Majesty," said Oliver, "may find many agents who will serve you on these terms."

"Nay, nay, Oliver," said Louis, impatiently, "the heathen poet speaks of *Vota diis exaudita malignis*, — wishes, that is, which the saints grant to us in their wrath; and such, in the circumstances, would have been the success of William de la Marck's exploit, had it taken place about this time, and while I am in the power of this Duke of Burgundy. — And this my own art foresaw — fortified by that of Galeotti; — that is, I foresaw not the miscarriage of De la Marck's undertaking, but I foresaw that the expedition of yonder Scottish Archer should end happily for me — and such has been the issue, though in a manner different from what I expected; for the stars, though they foretell general results, are yet silent on the means by which such are accomplished, being often the very reverse of what we expect or even desire. — But why talk I of these mysteries to thee, Oliver? who art in so far worse than the very devil, who is thy namesake, since he believes



and trembles; whereas thou art an infidel both to religion and to science, and wilt remain so till thine own destiny is accomplished, which, as thy horoscope and physiognomy alike assure me, will be by the intervention of the gallows."

"And if it indeed shall be so," said Oliver, in a resigned tone of voice, "it will be so ordered because I was too grateful a servant not to execute the commands of my royal master."

Louis burst into his usual sardonic laugh. — "Thou hast broke thy lance on me fairly, Oliver; and, by our Lady, thou art right, for I defied thee to it. But, prithee, tell me in sadness, dost thou discover any thing in these men's measures towards us which may argue any suspicion of ill usage?"

"My liege," replied Oliver, "your Majesty, and yonder learned Philosopher, look for augury to the stars and heavenly host — I am an earthly reptile, and consider but the things connected with my vocation. But, methinks, there is a lack of that earnest and precise attention on your Majesty, which men shew to a welcome guest of a degree so far above them. The Duke, to - night, pleaded weariness, and saw your Majesty not farther than to the street, leaving to the officers of his household the task of conveying you to your



lodgings. The rooms here are hastily and carelessly fitted up — the tapestry is hung up awry — and in one of the pieces, as you may observe, the figures are reversed, and stand on their heads, while the trees grow with their roots uppermost."

"Pshaw! accident, and the effect of hurry," said the King. "When did you ever know me concerned about such trifles as these?"

"Not on their own account are they worth notice," said Oliver; "but as intimating the degree of esteem in which the officers of the Duke's household observe your Grace to be held by him. Believe me, that had his desire seemed sincere that your reception should be in all points perfunctorily discharged, the zeal of his people would have made minutes do the work of days — And when," he added, pointing to the basin and ewer, "was the furniture of your Majesty's toilette of other substance than silver?"

"Nay," said the King, with a constrained smile, "that last remark, Oliver, is too much in the style of thine own peculiar occupation to be combatted by any one. — True it is, that when I was only a refugee, and an exile, I was served upon gold-plate by order of the same Charles, who ascounted silver too mean for the Dauphin, though he seems to hold that metal too rich for



the King of France. Well, Oliver, we will to bed — Our resolution has been made and executed, there is nothing to be done but to play manfully the game on which we have entered. I know that my cousin of Burgundy, like other wild bulls, shuts his eyes when he begins his career. I have but to watch that moment, like one of the *tauridors* whom we saw at Burgos, and his impetuosity places him at my mercy."



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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE EXPLOSION.

*'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all,  
When to the startled eye, the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud.*

*Thomson's Summer.*

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THE preceding chapter, agreeable to its title, was designed as a retrospect which might enable the reader fully to understand the terms upon which the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy stood together, when the former, moved, partly perhaps by his belief in astrology, which was represented as favourable to the issue of such a measure, and in a great measure doubtless by the conscious superiority of his own powers of mind over those of Charles, had adopted the ex-



traordinary, and upon any other ground altogether inexplicable resolution, of committing his person to the faith of a fierce and exasperated enemy — a resolution also the more rash and unaccountable, as there were various examples in that stormy time to shew, that safe-conducts, however solemnly plighted, had proved no assurance for those in whose favour they were conceived; and indeed the murder of the Duke's grandfather, at the Bridge of Montereau, in presence of the father of Louis, and at an interview solemnly agreed upon for the establishment of peace and amnesty, was a horrible precedent should the Duke be disposed to resort to it.

But the temper of Charles, though rough, fierce, headlong, and unyielding, was not, unless in the full tide of passion, faithless or ungenerous, faults which usually belong to colder dispositions. He was at no pains to shew the King more courtesy than the laws of hospitality positively demanded; but, on the other hand, evinced no purpose of overleaping their sacred barriers.

Upon the next morning after the King's arrival, there was a general muster of the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, which were so numerous and so excellently appointed, that, perhaps, he was not sorry to have an opportunity of displaying them before his great rival. Indeed, while



he paid the necessary compliment of a vassal to his Suzerain, in declaring that these troops were the King's, and not his own, the curl of his upper lip, and the proud glance of his eye, intimated his consciousness, that the words he used were but empty compliment, and that this fine army, at his own unlimited disposal, was as ready to march against Paris as in any other direction. It must have added to Louis's mortification, that he recognized, as forming part of this host, many banners of French nobility, not only of Normandy and Bretagne, but of provinces more immediately subjected to his own authority, who, from various causes of discontent, had joined and made common cause with the Duke of Burgundy.

True to his character, however, Louis seemed to take little notice of these malcontents, while, in fact, he was revolving in his mind the various means by which it might be possible to detach them from the banners of Burgundy and bring them back to his own, and resolved for that purpose, that he would cause the principals among them to be secretly sounded by Oliver and other agents.

He himself laboured diligently, but at the same time cautiously, to make interest with the Duke's chief officers and advisers, employing for that purpose the usual means of familiar and



frequent notice, adroit flattery, and liberal presents; not, as he represented, to alienate their faithful services from their noble master, but that they might lend their aid in preserving peace betwixt France and Burgundy, an end so excellent in itself, and so obviously tending to the welfare of both countries, and of the reigning Princes of either.

The notice of so great and so wise a King was in itself a mighty bribe; promises did much, and direct gifts, which the customs of the time permitted the Burgundian courtiers to accept without scruple, did still more. During a boar-hunt in the forest, while the Duke, eager always upon the immediate object, whether business or pleasure, gave himself entirely up to the ardour of the chase, Louis, unrestrained by his presence, sought and found the means of speaking secretly and separately to many of those who were reported to have most interest with Charles, among whom Hymbercourt and D'Argenton were not forgotten; nor did he fail to mix up the advances which he made towards those two distinguished persons with praises of the valour and military skill of the former, and of the profound sagacity and literary talents of the future historian of the period.

Such an opportunity of personally conciliating, or, if the reader pleases, corrupting, the ministers



of Charles, was perhaps what the King had proposed to himself as a principal object of his visit, even if his art should fail to cajole the Duke himself. The connection betwixt France and Burgundy was so close, that most of the nobles belonging to the latter country had hopes or actual interests connected with the former, which the favour of Louis could advance, or his personal displeasure destroy. Formed for this and every other species of intrigue, liberal to profusion when it was necessary to advance his plans, and skilful in putting the most plausible colour upon his proposals and presents, the King contrived to reconcile the spirit of the proud to their profit, and to hold out to the real or pretended patriot the good of both France and Burgundy, as the ostensible motive; whilst the party's own private interest, like the concealed wheel of some machine, worked not the less powerfully that its operations were kept out of sight. For each man he had a suitable bait, and a proper mode of presenting it; he poured the guerdon into the sleeve of those who were too high to extend their hand, and trusted that his bounty, though it descended like the dew without noise and imperceptibly, would not fail to produce, in due season, a plentiful crop of good will at least, perhaps of good offices, to the donor. In fine, although he had been long paving the way by his ministers for an



establishment of such an interest in the Court of Burgundy, as should be advantageous to the interests of France, Louis's own personal exertions, directed doubtless by the information of which he was previously possessed, did more to accomplish that object in a few hours, than his agents had effected in years of negociation.

One man alone the King missed, whom he had been particularly desirous of conciliating, and that was the Count de Crevecœur, whose firmness, during his conduct as Envoy at Plessis, far from exciting Louis's resentment, had been viewed as a reason for making him his own if possible. He was not particularly gratified when he learnt that the Count, at the head of an hundred lances, was gone towards the frontiers of Brabant, to assist the Bishop, in case of necessity, against William de la Marck and his discontented subjects; but he consoled himself, that the appearance of this force, joined with the directions which he had sent by faithful messengers, would serve to prevent any premature disturbances in that country, the breaking out of which might, he foresaw, render his present situation very precarious.

The Court upon this occasion dined in the forest when the hour of noon arrived, as was common in these great hunting-parties; an arrangement on this occasion particularly agreeable to the



Duke, desirous as he was to abridge that ceremonious and deferential solemnity with which he was otherwise under the necessity of receiving King Louis. In fact, the King's knowledge of human nature had in one particular misled him on this remarkable occasion. He thought that the Duke would have been inexpressibly flattered to have received such a mark of condescension and confidence from his liege lord; but he forgot that the dependance of this Dukedom upon the Crown of France was privately the subject of galling mortification to a Prince so powerful, so wealthy, and so proud as Charles, whose aim it certainly was to establish an independent kingdom. The presence of the King at his own Court imposed on him the necessity of exhibiting himself in the subordinate character of a vassal, and of discharging many rites of feudal observance and deference, which, to one of his haughty disposition, resembled derogation from the character of a Sovereign Prince, which on all occasions he affected as far as possible to sustain.

But although it was possible to put over the dinner upon the green turf, with sound of bugles, broaching of barrels, and all the freedom of a sylvan meal, it was necessary that the evening repast should, even for that very reason, be held with higher than usual solemnity.



Previous orders for this purpose had been given, and, upon returning to Peronne, King Louis found a banquet prepared with such a profusion of splendour and magnificence, as became the wealth of his formidable vassal, possessed as he was of almost all the Low Countries, then the richest portion of Europe. At the head of the long board, which groaned under plate of gold and silver, filled to profusion with the most exquisite dainties, sat the Duke, and on his right hand, upon a seat more elevated than his own, was placed his royal guest. Behind him stood on one side the son of the Duke of Gueldres, who officiated as his grand carver — on the other, Le Glorieux, his jester, without whom he seldom stirred; for, like most men of his hasty and coarse character, Charles carried to extremity the general taste of that age for court-fools and jesters — finding that pleasure in their display of eccentricity and mental infirmity, which his more acute, but not more benevolent rival, loved better to extract from marking the imperfections of humanity in its nobler specimens, and finding subject for mirth in the “fears of the brave and follies of the wise.” And indeed, if an anecdote related by Brantôme be true, that a court-fool, having overheard Louis, in one of his agonies of repentant devotion, confess his accession to the poisoning of his brother, Henry Count of Guyenne,



divulged it next day at dinner before the assembled court, that monarch might be supposed rather more than satisfied with the pleasantries of professed jesters for the rest of his life.

But, on the present occasion, Louis neglected not to take notice of the favourite jester of the Duke, and to applaud his repartees; which he did the rather, that he thought he saw that the folly of Le Glorieux, however grossly it was sometimes displayed, covered more than the usual quantity of shrewd and caustic observation proper to his class.

In fact, Tiel Wetzweiler, called Le Glorieux, was by no means a jester of the common stamp. He was a tall, fine-looking man, excellent at many exercises, which seemed scarce reconcileable with mental imbecility, because it must have required patience and attention to acquire them. He usually followed the Duke to the chase and to the fight; and at Montl'hery, when he was in considerable personal danger, wounded in the throat, and likely to be made prisoner by a French knight who had hold of his horse's rein, Tiel Wetzweiler charged the assailant so forcibly, as to overthrow him and disengage his master. Perhaps he was afraid of this being thought too serious a service for a person of his condition, and that it might excite him enemies among those



knights and nobles, who had left the care of their master's person to the court-fool. At any rate, he chose rather to be laughed at than praised for his achievement, and made such gasconading boasts of his exploits in the battle, that most men thought the rescue of Charles was as ideal as the rest of his tale; and it was on this occasion he acquired the title of Le Glorieux, by which he was ever afterwards distinguished.

Le Glorieux was dressed very richly, but with little of the usual distinction of his profession; and that little rather of a symbolical than a very literal character. His head was not shorn; on the contrary, he wore a long profusion of curled hair, which descended from under his cap, and joining with a well-arranged, and handsomely trimmed beard, set off features, which, but for a wild lightness of eye, might have been termed handsome. A ridge of scarlet velvet carried across the top of his cap, indicated, rather than positively represented, the professional cock's-comb, which distinguished the head-gear of a fool in right of office. His bauble, made of ebony, was crested, as usual, with a fool's head, with ass's ears formed of silver; but so small, and so minutely carved, that, till very closely examined, it might have passed for an official baton of a more solemn character. These were the only badges of his office which



his dress exhibited. In other respects, it was such as to match with that of the most courtly nobles. His bonnet displayed a medal of gold; he wore a chain of the same metal around his neck; and the fashion of his rich garments was not much more fantastic than those of young gallants who have their clothes made in the extremity of the existing fashion.

To this personage Charles, and Louis, in imitation of his host, often addressed themselves during the entertainment; and both seemed to manifest by hearty laughter, their amusement at the answers of Le Glorieux.

“Whose seats be those that are vacant?” said Charles to the jester.

“One of those at least should be mine by right of succession, Charles,” replied the jester.

“Why so, knave?” said Charles.

“Because they belong to the Sieur D’Hymbercourt and D’Argenton, who are gone so far to fly their falcons, that they have forgot their supper. They, who would rather look at a kite on the wing than a pheasant on the board, are of kin to the fool, and he should succeed to the stools, as a part of their moveable estate.”



“That is but a stale jest, my friend Tiel,” said the Duke; “but, fools or wise men, here come the defaulters.”

As he spoke, D’Argenton and Hymbercourt entered the room, and, after having made their reverence to the two Princes, assumed in silence the seats which were left vacant for them.

“What ho! Sirs,” exclaimed the Duke, addressing them, “your sport has been either very good or very bad, to lead you so far and so late. Sir Philip de Comines, you are dejected — hath D’Hymbercourt won so heavy a wager on you? — You are a philosopher, and should not grieve at bad fortune. — By Saint George! D’Hymbercourt looks as sad thou doest. — How now, sirs? Have you found no game? or have you lost your falcons? or has a witch crossed your way? or has the Wild Huntsman met you in the forest? By my honour, you seem as if you were come to a funeral, not a festival.”

While the Duke spoke, the eyes of the company were all directed towards D’Hymbercourt and D’Argenton; and the embarrassment and dejection of their countenances, neither being of that class of persons to whom such expression of anxious melancholy was natural, became so remarkable, that the mirth and the laughter of the



company, which the rapid circulation of goblets of excellent wine had raised to a considerable height, was gradually hushed; and, without being able to assign any reason for such a change in their spirits, men spoke in whispers to each other, as on the eve of expecting some strange and important tidings.

“What means this silence, Messires?” said the Duke, elevating his voice, which was naturally harsh. “If you bring these strange looks, and this stranger silence, into festivity, we shall wish you had abode in the marshes seeking for herons, or rather for woodcocks and howlets.”

“My gracious Lord,” said D’Argenton, “as we were about to return hither from the forest, we met the Count of Crevecœur.”

“How!” said the Duke; “already returned from Brabant? — but he found all well there, doubtless?” —

“The Count himself will presently give your Grace an account of his news,” said D’Hymbercourt, “which we have heard but imperfectly.”

“Body of me, where is the Count?” said the Duke.

“He changes his dress, to wait upon your Highness,” answered D’Hymbercourt.



“His dress? Saint-bleu!” exclaimed the impatient Prince, “what care I for his dress! I think you have conspired with him to drive me mad.”

“Or rather, to be plain,” said D’Argenton, “he wishes to communicate these news at a private audience.”

“*Teste-dieu!* my Lord King,” said Charles, “this is ever the way our counsellors serve us — If they have got hold of aught which they consider as important for our ear, they look as grave upon the matter, and are as proud of their burthen as an ass of a new pack-saddle. — Some one bid Crevecœur come to us directly! — He comes from the frontiers of Liege, and we, at least, (he laid some emphasis on the pronoun,) have no secrets in that quarter which we would shun to have proclaimed before the assembled world.”

All perceived that the Duke had drunk so much wine as to increase the native obstinacy of his disposition; and though many would willingly have suggested that the present was neither a time for hearing news, or for taking counsel, yet all knew the impetuosity of his temper too well to venture on farther interference, and sat in anxious expectation of the tidings which the Count might have to communicate.



A brief interval intervened, during which the Duke remained looking eagerly to the door, as if in a transport of impatience, while the guests sat with their eyes bent on the table, as if to conceal their curiosity and anxiety. Louis alone maintaining perfect composure, continued his conversation alternately with the grand carver and with the jester.

At length Crevecœur entered, and was presently saluted by the hurried question of his master, "What new from Liege and Brabant, Sir Count? — The report of your arrival has chased mirth from our table — we hope your actual presence will bring it back to us."

"My liege and master," answered the Count, in a firm, but melancholy tone, "the news which I bring you are fitter for the council board than the feasting table."

"Out with them, man, if they were tidings from Antichrist," said the Duke; "but I can guess them — the Liegeois are again in mutiny."

"They are, my lord," said Crevecœur, very gravely.

"Look there, man," said the Duke, "I have hit at once on what you have been so much afraid to mention to me — the hair-brained burghers are



again in arms. It could not be in better time, for we may at present have the advice of our own Suzerain," bowing to King Louis, with eyes which spoke the most bitter, though suppressed resentment, "to teach us how such mutineers should be dealt with. — Hast thou more news in thy packet? Out with them, and then answer for yourself why you went not forward to assist the Bishop."

"My lord, the farther tidings are heavy for me to tell, and will be afflicting to you to hear. — No aid of mine, or of living chivalry, could have availed the excellent Prelate. William de la Marck, united with the insurgent Liegeois, has taken his Castle of Schonwaldt, and murdered him in his own hall."

"*Murdered him!*" repeated the Duke, in a deep and low tone, but which nevertheless was heard from the one end of the hall in which they were assembled to the other; "thou hast been imposed upon, Crevecœur, by some wild report — it is impossible."

"Alas! my lord!" said the Count, "I have it from an eye-witness, an archer of the King of France's Scottish Guard, who was in the hall when the murder was committed by William de la Marck's order."



“And who was doubtless aiding and abetting in the horrible sacrilege,” said the Duke, starting up and stamping with his foot with such fury, that he dashed in pieces the footstool which was placed before him. “Bar the doors of this hall, gentlemen — secure the windows — let no stranger stir from his seat, upon pain of instant death! — Gentlemen of my chamber, draw your swords.” And turning upon Louis, he advanced his own hand slowly and deliberately to the hilt of his weapon, while the King, without either shewing fear or assuming a defensive posture, only said,

“These news, fair cousin, have staggered your reason.”

“No!” replied the Duke, in a terrible tone, “but they have awakened a just resentment, which I have too long suffered to be stifled by trivial considerations of circumstance and place. Murderer of thy brother! — rebel against thy parent! — tyrant over thy subjects! — treacherous ally! — perjured King! — dishonoured gentleman! — thou art in my power, and I thank God for it!”

“Rather thank my folly,” said the King; “for when we met on equal terms at Montl’hery, methinks you wished yourself farther from me than we are now.”



The Duke still held his hand on the hilt of his sword, but refrained to draw his weapon, or to strike a foe, who offered no sort of resistance which could in anywise provoke violence.

Meantime, wild and general confusion spread itself through the hall. The doors were now fastened and guarded at the order of the Duke; but several of the French nobles, few as they were in number, started from their seats, and prepared for the defence of their Sovereign. Louis had spoken not a word either to Orleans or Dunois since they were liberated from restraint at the Castle of Loches, if it could be termed liberation to be dragged in King Louis's train, objects of suspicion evidently, rather than of respect and regard; but, nevertheless, the voice of Dunois was first heard above the tumult, addressing himself to the Duke of Burgundy. — "Sir Duke, you have forgotten that you are a vassal of France, and that we, your guests, are Frenchmen. If you lift a hand against our Monarch, prepare to sustain the utmost effects of our despair; for credit me, we shall feast as high with the blood of Burgundy as we have done with its wine. — Courage, my Lord of Orleans — and you, gentlemen of France, form yourselves round Dunois, and do as he does!"



It was in that moment when a King might see upon what tempers he could certainly rely. The few independent nobles and knights who attended Louis, most of whom had only received from him frowns or discountenance, unappalled by the display of infinitely superior force, and the certainty of destruction, hastened to array themselves around Dunois, and, led by him, to press towards the head of the table, where the contending Princes were seated.

On the contrary, the tools and agents whom Louis had dragged forward out of their fitting places, into importance which was not due to them, shewed cowardice and cold heart, and remaining still in their seats, seemed resolved not to provoke their fate by intermeddling, whatever might become of their benefactor.

The first of the more generous party was the venerable Lord Crawford, who, with an agility which no one would have expected at his years, forced his way through all opposition, (which was the less violent, as many of the Burgundians, either from a point of honour, or a secret inclination to prevent Louis's impending fate, gave way to him,) and threw himself boldly between the King and Duke. He then placed his bonnet, from which his white hair escaped in dishevelled tresses, upon one side of his head — his pale cheek and wi-



thered brow coloured, and his aged eye lightened with all the fire of a gallant who is about to dare some desperate action. His cloak was flung over one shoulder, and his action intimated his readiness to wrap it about his left arm, while he unsheathed his sword with his right.

“I have fought for his father and his grand-sire,” that was all he said, “and, by Saint Andrew, end the matter as it will, I will not fail him at this pinch.”

What has taken some time to narrate, happened, in fact, with the speed of light, for so soon as the Duke assumed his threatening posture, Crawford had thrown himself betwixt him and the object of his vengeance; and the French gentlemen, drawing together as fast as they could, were crowding to the same point.

The Duke of Burgundy still remained with his hand on his sword, and seemed in the act of giving the signal for a general onset, which must necessarily have ended in the massacre of the weaker party, when Crevecœur rushed forward, and exclaimed in a voice like a trumpet, — “My liege Lord of Burgundy, beware what you do! This is *your* hall — you are the King’s vassal — do not spill the blood of your guest on your hearth, the blood of your Sovereign on the throne you



have erected for him, and to which he came under your safeguard. For the sake of your house's honour, do not attempt to revenge one horrid murder by another yet worse!"

"Out of my road, Crevecœur," answered the Duke, "and let my vengeance pass! — Out of my path! — The wrath of kings is to be dreaded like that of Heaven."

"Only when, like that of Heaven, it is *just*," answered Crevecœur, firmly — "Let me pray of you, my lord, to rein the violence of your temper, however justly offended. — And for you, my Lords of France, where resistance is unavailing, let me recommend you to forbear whatever may lead towards bloodshed."

"He is right," said Louis, whose coolness forsook him not in that dreadful moment, and who easily foresaw, that if a brawl should commence, more violence would be dared and done in the heat of blood, than was like to be attempted if peace were preserved. — "My cousin Orleans — kind Dunois — and you, my trusty Crawford — bring not on ruin and bloodshed by taking offence too hastily. Our cousin the Duke is chafed at tidings of the death of a near and loving friend, the venerable Bishop of Liege, whose slaughter we lament as he does. Ancient, and, unhappily,



recent subjects of jealousy, lead him to suspect us of having abetted a crime which our bosom abhors. Should our host murder us on this spot — us, his King and his kinsman, under a false impression of our being accessories to this unhappy accident, our fate will be little lightened, but, on the contrary, greatly aggravated by your stirring. — Therefore, stand back, Crawford — Were it my last word, I speak as a King to his officer, and demand obedience — Stand back, and, if it is required, yield up your sword. I command you to do so, and your oath obliges you to obey.”

“True, true, my lord,” said Crawford, stepping back, and returning to the sheath the blade he had half-drawn, “It may be all very true; but by my honour, if I were at the head of three-score and ten of my brave fellows, instead of being loaded with more than the like number of years, I would try whether I would have some reason out of these fine gallants, with their golden chains and looped-up bonnets, with braw-world dyes and devices on them.”

The Duke stood with his eyes fixed on the ground for a considerable space, and then said, with bitter irony, “Crevecœur, you say well; and it concerns our honour, that our obligations to this great King, our honoured and loving guest, be not so hastily adjusted, as in our hasty anger we had at



*first purposed.* We will so act, that all Europe shall acknowledge the justice of our proceedings. — Gentlemen of France, you must render up your arms to my officers! Your master has broken the truce, and has no title to take further benefit of it. In compassion, however, to your sentiments of honour, and in respect to the rank which he hath disgraced, and the race from which he hath degenerated, we ask not our cousin Louis's sword."

"Not one of us," said Dunois, "will resign our weapon, or quit this hall, unless we are assured of at least our King's safety, in life and limb."

"Nor will a man of the Scottish Guard," exclaimed Crawford, "lay down his arms, save at the command of the King of France, or his High Constable."

"Brave Dunois," said Louis, "and you, my trusty Crawford, your zeal will do me injury instead of benefit. — I trust," he added with dignity, "in my rightful cause, more than in a vain resistance, which would but cost the lives of my best and bravest. — Give up your swords — the noble Burgundians, who accept such honourable pledges, will be more able than you are to protect both you and me. — Give up your swords — It is I who command you."



«It was thus that, in this dreadful emergency, Louis shewed the promptitude of decision, and clearness of judgment, which alone could have saved his life. He was aware, that until actual blows were exchanged, he would have the assistance of most of the nobles present to moderate the fury of their Prince; but that were a *melée* once commenced, he himself and his few adherents must be instantly murdered. At the same time his worst enemies confessed, that his demeanour had in it nothing either of meanness, or cowardice. He shunned to aggravate into frenzy the wrath of the Duke; but he neither deprecated nor seemed to fear it, and continued to look on him with the calm and fixed attention with which a brave man eyes the menacing gestures of a lunatic, whilst conscious that his own steadiness and composure operate as an insensible and powerful check on the rage even of insanity.

Crawford, at the King's command, threw his sword to Crevecœur, saying, «Take it! and the devil give you joy of it. — It is no dishonour to the rightful owner who yields it, for we have had no fair play.»

«Hold, gentlemen,» said the Duke, in a broken voice, as one whom passion had almost deprived of utterance, «Retain your swords; it is sufficient you promise not to use them — And



you, Louis of Valois, must regard yourself as my prisoner, until you are cleared of having abetted sacrilege and murder. Have him to the Castle — Have him to Earl Herbert's Tower. Let him have six gentlemen of his train to attend him, such as he shall choose. — My Lord of Crawford, your guard must leave the Castle, and shall be honourably quartered elsewhere. — Up with every draw-bridge, and down with every portcullis — Let the gates of the town be trebly guarded — Draw to the right-hand side of the river the floating-bridge — Bring round the Castle my band of Black Walloons, and treble the centinels on every post! — You, Hymbercourt, look that patroles of horse and foot make round of the town every half-hour during the night, and every hour during the next day, — if indeed such ward shall be necessary after day-break, for it is like we may be sudden in this matter. — Look to the person of Louis, as you love your life!”

He started from the table in fierce and moody haste, darted a glance of mortal enmity at the King, and rushed out of the apartment.

“Sirs,” said the King, looking with dignity around him, “grief for the death of his ally hath made your Prince frantic. I trust you know better your duty, as knights and noblemen, than



to abet him in his treasonable violence against the person of his liege Lord."

At this moment was heard in the streets the sound of drums beating, and horns blowing, to call out the soldiery in every direction.

"We are," said Crevecœur, who acted as the Marshal of the Duke's household, "subjects of Burgundy, and must do our duty as such. Our hopes and prayers, and our efforts, will not be wanting to bring about peace and union between your Majesty and our liege Lord. Meantime, we must obey his commands. These other lords and knights will be proud to contribute to the convenience of the illustrious Duke of Orleans, of the brave Dunois, and the stout Lord Crawford. I myself must be your Majesty's chamberlain, and bring you to your apartments in other guise than would be my desire, remembering the hospitality of Plessis. You have only to choose your attendants, whom the Duke's commands limit to six."

"Then," said the King, looking around him, and thinking for a moment, — "I desire the attendance of Oliver le Dain, of a private of my Life guard, called Balafre, who may be unarmed if you will — Of Tristan l'Hermite, with two of his people — and my right loyal and trusty philosopher, Martius Galeotti."



“Your Majesty’s will shall be complied with in all points,” said the Count de Crevecœur. “Galeotti,” he added, after a moment’s inquiry, “is, I understand, at present supping in some buxom company, but he shall instantly be sent for; the others will obey your Majesty’s command upon the instant.”

“Forward, then, to the new abode, which the hospitality of our cousin provides for us,” said the King. “We know it is strong, and have only to hope it may be in a corresponding degree safe.”

“Heard you the choice which King Louis has made of his attendants?” said Le Glorieux to Count Crevecœur apart, as they followed Louis from the Hall.

“Surely, my merry gossip,” replied the Count, — “What hast thou to object to them?”

“Nothing, nothing — only they are a rare election! — A pandarly barber — a Scotch hired cut-throat — a chief hangman and his two assistants, and a thieving charlatan. — I will along with you, Crevecœur, and take a lesson in the degrees of roguery, from observing your skill in marshalling them. The devil himself could scarce have summoned such a synod, or have been a better president amongst them.”



Accordingly, the all-licensed jester, seizing the Count's arm familiarly, began to march along with him, while, under a strong guard, yet forgetting no semblance of respect, he conducted the King towards his new apartment.







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